

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

The Tomb

GOVERNMENT'S decision to preserve the ancient tomb at Li Cheng is a right one and represents popular sentiment. Practical considerations have had to give way, and the construction of a three-storey resettlement is. But it may safely be assumed that Government is already earmarked an alternative site for this essential project. An official announcement concerning would be acceptable. At the moment the tomb discovered, the question of relative importance rears its head. Finding of the tomb was coincidental to preparation for resettlement flats, in which the resettlement estate is to have first claim. Joint which sections of public, joined in due course by Government, need upon was that a number of unusual interest antiquity was not to be duplicated in Hongkong; whereas there is a variety of sites for finding squatter resettlement flats.

er aspect, not so immediately important, but nonetheless actual, is the moral attraction which a tomb holds for tourists coming to Hongkong. Government, having decided that Tourism in industry to be nurtured and encouraged, could conscientiously, let to cheerfully sacrifice it undoubtedly will be one of the historically interesting sights of the city.

preservation of tomb gives Hongkong a right to describe itself as being culturally rich. It may sound snobbish, but it is this what Hongkong wants the world to know about Hongkong. Government's decision about the tomb is, therefore, more to be respected, and a sense of enshrining it safely left to the tentative suggestion that the tomb should be the centre of a small park. And the earmarking of a considerable amount of released ground school will undoubtedly be a welcome sight.

ly note of warning schoolchildren, but children, will have to be fully watched if a legacy and a tourist attraction is not to be lost.

General Assembly Disregards French Warning
TO DEBATE ALGERIA

Pinay And His Colleagues Walk Out

United Nations, Sept. 30.

The United Nations General Assembly, disregarding a French warning that it might withdraw from the world organisation, voted tonight to give full debate to the Algerian issue.

By a 28-27 vote, with five abstentions, the Assembly overrode the recommendation of its Steering Committee that the Algerian issue should not be aired here.

The French Foreign Minister, M. Antoine Pinay, led the French delegation in a walkout from the Assembly after declaring from the rostrum:

"I do not know what will be the consequences of this vote tomorrow as regards the relations between France and the United Nations."

M. Pinay spoke briefly after the vote. Then he stalked from the rostrum, proceeded down the aisle without halting, and the French delegation joined him. He paused only briefly as he and his colleagues left the huge Assembly Hall, and told reporters: "The government must now deliberate this decision."

The United States, Britain and most of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation countries voted with France. The majority was achieved by a union of the Arab-Asian group of countries with the Soviet group.

Tempers High

Tempers ran high in a debate which became the most intense and emotional since the election of Israel to membership in 1949. As the vote was announced, M. Pinay told the Assembly:

"In any question which falls exclusively within the domestic jurisdiction of my government, my government refuses to accept the intervention of the UN. My government will consider non-existent any recommendation the Assembly might make in this connection."

M. Pinay told the Assembly earlier that if it voted for a full airing of the Algerian issue, the UN would become "a tool of division, violence and anarchy" and the policy advocated by those seeking the debate would lead to "the disunion and disintegration of States."

The French delegation walked from the Assembly even as the applause which greeted M. Pinay's final remarks was still going on.

The party strode at a rapid pace from the Assembly Hall and to the delegates' entrance, shaking off all questions from newsmen. The group waited only a few moments at the kerb before the first of all three French limousines rushed up to take them off to their headquarters.

The US delegate, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, left the Assembly Hall a short time later but declined to make any comment on the situation.

Unusual Debate

The debate was highly unusual for the interest it aroused and the keenness with which delegates followed every development.

The rousing ovations given M. Pinay and M. Paul Henri Spaak of Belgium on their first de-

clarations, and the applause for every speaker of the Asian-African group, was exceeded when Iraq's Mohammed Fadhl al-Jamali rose to reply to some references by M. Spaak. When he referred to M. Spaak as "the greatest of European leaders", the entire Assembly broke into thundering applause.

There were more ovations when M. Spaak replied to Mr. al-Jamali. Each took exception, but without passion, to some remarks of the other regarding the tenor of discussions on North Africa. Mr. al-Jamali repeated several times that none of the Asian-African group wished to criticise France's contributions to the world and that the demand for a debate on Algeria was intended to "help, not hinder" the situation.

In his speech, M. Pinay said France "might well give up her interest" in the United Nations if the Algerian question were put on the General Assembly agenda for debate.

Authoritative reports have circulated for two days that the French Premier, M. Edgar Faure, was prepared to ask Parliamentary approval of France's withdrawal from the UN membership if the Algerian issue is put on the Assembly agenda.

Pinay's Warning

"If it were decided to discuss here the French problem of Algeria," declared M. Pinay at the climax of the heated Assembly debate, "nothing would ever restrict, in the future, the right, which we would all have, to interfere in the internal affairs of any one of us, since this Assembly would, henceforth, have recognised that very right."

"The territorial integrity of any State, the treaties, whether old or recent, relating to boundaries, could at any moment be challenged."

"For many it would be the end of security and for the weakest the end of independence."

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge announced that the United States would support France's opposition to inclusion of the Algerian item in the agenda on the grounds that it would constitute U.N. interference in domestic affairs of a member state. Britain took a similar position. United Press.

Party Of 23 Nearly Drowned

Siamese Prince In Yacht Drama

Leghorn, Sept. 30.

Prince Birn, wealthy Siamese sportsman, his wife, 40-day old son and 20 guests were saved when the Prince's yacht *Leonta II*, was wrecked off the tiny Italian island of Capraia at midnight last night, police revealed here tonight.

News of the near disaster only reached Leghorn today because the island is one of the most lonely places in Italy. Its only link with the outside world is a police wireless station.

Details of the rescue were still lacking tonight but police said the yacht apparently raced for cover in the little port of Capraia, which lies 50 kilometres off the west Italian coast as a storm gathered.

BOAT HITS PIER

The first tossing waves hit it just outside the harbour and the yacht crashed into a pier. Everybody aboard was thrown into the raging sea.

The 40-year-old prince, a powerful swimmer, was reported to have grabbed a baby and held it above water for an hour, refusing to allow boatmen to rescue him "until the women passengers were safely ashore."

According to police radio messages a policeman saw the yacht being dashed against the pier and gave the alarm.

Most of Capraia's 500 inhabitants tumbled out of bed and rowed their fishing boats out to where the prince and his friends struggled in the sea.

NO INJURIES

Nobody suffered anything worse than shock and chill, the police radio reported. The baby was reported to have slept peacefully.

The prince, his friends and the crew were muffled in blankets and spent the night in the fishermen's cottages.

Leghorn port authorities said they had already sent several boats out to the island with a doctor, medicines, food and blankets just in case they were needed.

The playboy prince who lives mostly in France, is well known as a top class motor racing driver. He was married in Paris in July, 1951 to Senorita Cella Howard of Buenos Aires. It was his second marriage. —Reuters.

Princess Royal In Canada

Quebec City, Sept. 30.

The Princess Royal arrived in Quebec City aboard the liner *Empress of France* today at 1.59 p.m. to start a month-long tour of Canada.

The aunt of Queen Elizabeth remained on board for about 15 minutes before disembarking. —United Press.

PERON'S SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRLFRIEND DISCLOSURES

Buenos Aires, Sept. 30.

Nelly Rivas, former President Peron's cuddly brunette with a poodle hairdo, protested to the authorities today that "I am not the only one" to have received Peron's favours after group parties in the presidential residences.

Government sources quoted Nelly, 16-year-old daughter of a watchman, as saying that "the girls at the UES (high school students organisation) used to fight" for the privilege of going to Peron's parties.

The authorities said Nelly, whose hairdo was patterned after a style set by Italian film star Gina Lollobrigida, has acquired a fortune in jewels, money and clothing since she became a friend of the former President.

NEW SLANT TO SULTAN MYSTERY

Casablanca, Sept. 30.

The "Presence Francaise" group in Morocco, which is in favour of the maintenance of Sultan Sidi Mohammed Ben Moulay Arafah and hostile to the French Government's compromise plan for the protectorate, today asserted that the Sultan had refused to sign papers, sent him by the French Resident-General, turning his powers over to a Regency Council because the names were left blank.

In a communique issued here, the group said the Sultan several days ago was willing to comply with the idea of departing provisionally from the throne, while still "maintaining the integrity of his rights as sovereign."

However, said "Presence Francaise," several conditions were imposed. The group asserted that the French Resident-General, Pierre Boyer de Latour, presented to the Sultan two documents. One, the group claimed, was a proclamation continuing the motives for his departure. The second was a document of transfer of powers to "a personage placed in charge of the throne" provisionally, the group said.

LEFT BLANK

But, said "Presence Francaise," the name of the person or persons charged with maintaining the throne's functions had been left blank.

The group said that "in this way, His Majesty was asked for his signature on a blank document." Under these conditions, the communique went on, the Sultan refused to sign the documents presented to him, and in turn gave the Resident-General a letter for President Rene Coty, stating the eventual conditions under which he would agree to depart. —France-Press.

REBELS AMBUSH TROOPS

Constantine, Sept. 30.

Three French soldiers were killed today when Algerian rebels ambushed two military convoys—one of them a strong armoured detachment, army sources reported.

Five soldiers were wounded when rebels ambushed an armoured column in mountains near El Milia.

Another convoy was ambushed in mountains near Philippeville. —Reuters.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

is a guide to a feature section: Gilles, The Bird Man Alcatraz, by Evelyn As.

Beveridge Goes Into Lion, another real life feature story called by the files of Scotland Yard, by Percy Skina. The Russian ad for China, by Stephen Garnett.

The Political Power a Heartbeat, by Rene McCall. Forever Rita, the private life of a little pet, by Douglas Mark. Another world's strangest story, the story of Jeffrey Hudson, the 18-inch dwarf pet of a queen.

8: The Italians know how to look at a girl, by Anne Sharpley. Richard Kilian follows in the footsteps of the men who are tracking down the murderers of Serge Tubatsien.

13: How is your appetite? by Chapman Pincher.

16: "How to play cricket," our new sports feature begins.

The End Of
Liquor
Rationing

Stockholm, Sept. 30.

Ration books were burning merrily all over Sweden today, as the nation prepared to celebrate next Monday—its "day of liberation" from 40 years of hard-liquor rationing.

On Monday, for the first time since the memory of most Swedes, they will be able to walk into the state-owned liquor stores and buy as much aquavit, schnaps, gin, whisky, cognac and beer as they please.

Under the rationing system, each Swede was allowed only two bottles of "hard spirits" per month.

But the famous Swedish brakes on over-drinking will still be present in certain places. Anyone who wants to take a drink in a restaurant or bar will still have to buy some food, at least a sandwich, to satisfy the local temperance leagues.

And the authorities thought it wise to maintain the total ban on the sale of strong spirits in the dining cars of trains. —France-Press.

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San Francisco
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Kowloon Hotel, Kowloon Tel. 24095

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Check these advantages:
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✓ CHOICE OF STOPOVERS AT INTERMEDIATE STATIONS
✓ ALL PERSONALISED SERVICE
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Is the shadows shorten
The nearer you approach the Equator the shorter the shadows and the longer the glasses. Where your glass is nearly as long as your shadow, that's a major industry.
There in the glasses of those who really know the subject, you find Rose's Lime Juice. Nature's finest answer to thirst, the pure juice of the lime with its own reviving tang and pure cane sugar for flavour and energy.
When you're run baked, parched and dry—keep your mind on the Rose's brand, long, liquid, cool, sparkling with ice.
When you have a really first-class thirst, make the most of it with Rose's.
ROSE'S Lime Juice
BOTTLED BY THE ROSE BRAND LIME JUICE CO. LTD.
HONG KONG & KOWLOON

KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY



A U-I PICTURE

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
KING'S At 11.30 a.m. || PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m.

A Select Programme of
Warner Bros. Technicolor Cartoons
At Reduced Prices: \$1, \$1.50

PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEE
TO-MORROW, 12 NOON

Hindustan Art Productions present
The Life Story of a Pompous Heiress—
VIJYANTIMALA in

"JASHAN"

with Karan Dewan, Kuldeep Kaur, Johnnie Walker
Murad and PRAN & AGHA

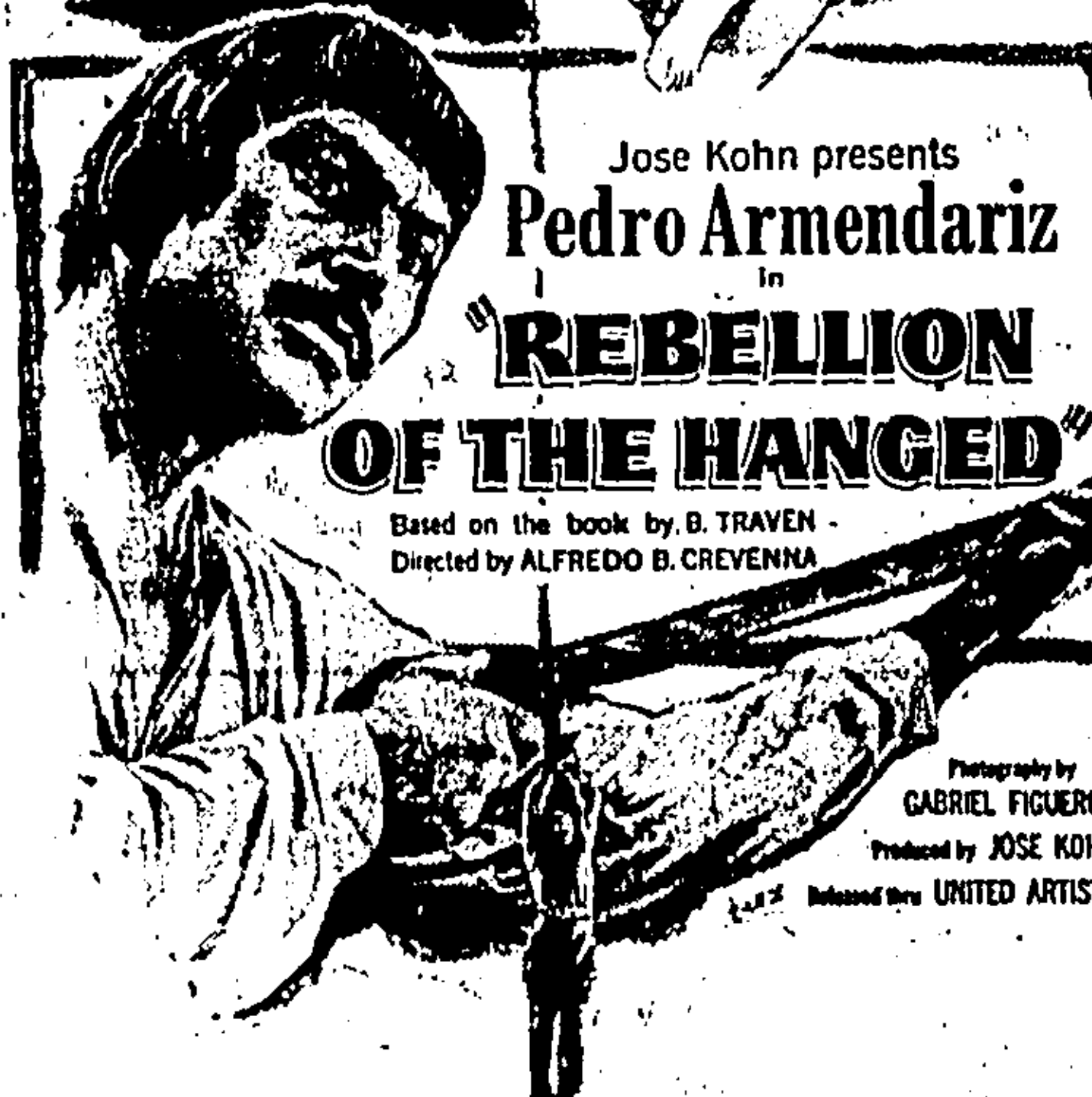
Music by Roshan—Songs by Krishana
With English Subtitles — Regular Prices

NEW YORK GREAT WORLD

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SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

You will experience emotions you have never felt before
in this masterpiece of raw passion in the steaming jungles
of Mexico!



ADDED ATTRACTION

SEE IT NOW ON FILM!
BETTER THAN RINGSIDE!

ROCKY MARCIANO
vs ARCHIE MOORE

OFFICIAL HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST!

Released thru United Artists

COMING SOON



FILMS

Current & Coming

BY JANE ROBERTS

The New Films At A Glance

SHOWING

EMPIRE: "The Black Pirates". Anthony Dexter returns to pick up his buried loot, to find that a church has been built over the site and a village has grown up around it. Problem: How to get the treasure.
HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Hit the Deck". A happy musical with plenty of pep and a good cast. Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell, Ann Miller, Vic Damone, Tony Martin and Russ Tamblyn.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "Chief Crazy Horse". A western telling the story of the famous adversary of General George Custer. Victor Mature, Suzan Ball and John Lund.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Rebellion of the Hanged". A tale of revolution in Mexico. Pedro Armendariz.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "My Sister Eileen". A musical. Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon and Betty Garrett.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Seven Year Itch". The moral of the tale is that it is foolish to go off alone on holiday leaving your husband to the mercy of the girl in the next apartment. Marilyn Monroe and Tom Ewell.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Interrupted Melody". Part of the life-story of the world-famous Australian singer, Marjorie Lawrence. Eleanor Parker and Glenn Ford.
KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Far Horizon". The cross-country expedition by the U.S. Army to find out what lay on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. Fred MacMurray, Charlton Heston and Donna Reed.
NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes". Show business, 1920 and 1955 style. Jane Russell and Jeanne Crain, with Scott Brady and Rudy Vallee.
QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "New Orleans Uncensored". The declining up of a mob-ruled city. Arthur Franz and Beverly Garland.
ROXY and BROADWAY: "How To Be Very Very Popular". A college musical. Betty Grable.

"Hit the Deck" is one of the happiest musicals I've seen for ages.

For a start it's got a lucky name—I seem to remember an audacious sailing over a dream boy called Gene Gerrard in the earlier version of "Hit the Deck" and Prestol here's another Gene in the cast—Gene Raymond.

He may be no swash producer like his original namesake—his is the unsympathetic role of the middle-aged would-be seducer, but at least he's got the name.

No exploitable associations are needed to boost the rest of the cast however. They don't rely on their publicity and/or reputations to work for them, they come straight through the screen to tell you they're having a wonderful time.

The Admiral—Walter Pigeon to you—has two children. One is a sailor doing his tour in the ranks before Annapolis (Dartmouth to us) and the other is Jane Powell with a mind of her own and that mind (temporarily) on the middle-aged matinee idol mentioned above—Gene Raymond.

Comes along the sailor brother, sees sister apparently being taken in, and proceeds to bring in his two pals to avenge her honour.

Sailors three are, first, as the brother, that delightful snub-nosed brat from "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers"—Russ Tamblyn. Second is Vic Damone playing the son of a singing mother (he finally marries the headstrong daughter), and third, Tony Martin.

No Lack Of Talent

In This Film

As you can see, there's no lack of talent in either the family or the friends, and the songs, situations and humour roll along at an express rate.

I'd like to give a special mention to Ann Miller for her terrific number "Lady from the Bayou". With a background of dancers reminding one of the Katherine Dunham school, it's straight jungle stuff with the slightest splash of sophistication to give it universal appeal.

The three girls in the cast are excellently contrasted. Debbie Reynolds is sweet, sentimental and teeny. Jane Powell is slightly bristly, sweet, and a little more experienced, and Ann Miller is basically sweet, physically attractive and superlatively hard-boiled. Which means that they all, having the common denominator, end up with men who will give them all they deserve.

To return to my opening assessment of the picture, it's one of those happy, snappy, fast-moving affairs that makes you forget that life isn't always as carefree as show business makes it appear.

A Blood-Chilling Swashbuckler

"The Black Pirates" is a swashbuckler, but there's a dash of the unusual about it.

It has the usual Hollywood ingredients for a picture of this type—plenty of swaggers from the principal male, a good girl, a bad girl and plenty of fighting. But the handling is more reminiscent of a realistic Mexican production than of the Hollywood variety in which every move is part of a very well-worn pattern.

I liked the new locale—San Salvador. We're introduced to the pirate gang as they thread their way across the hills to the point at which the leader—Anthony Dexter—says he can take a bearing on the exact spot under which he has buried the plunder from a previous expedition.

Alarm, confusion and dismay are reflected in the faces of the band when they discover

that while they've been off on other operations, a village has grown up around the buried loot, and that right over it stands a church.

While most swashbucklers have a fairy-tale bloodthirstiness that leaves no lasting impression on the mind, there's a certain coarseness and brutality about this one that makes it more life-like.

These are no dressed-up brigands mouthing empty threats and failing to carry them out through last-minute changes of heart. There's nothing of the romantic novel type about them. They are cold, unfeeling and base.

A murder within the first two minutes of the opening of the picture sets the tempo, and the breath-taking scenery against which it is set only accentuates the cold-bloodedness of the action.

APOLOGIES FROM OUR UBIQUITOUS FILM CRITIC

Who Forsook An Itch In The Cause Of Duty

As yesterday was a holiday I was faced with a tricky problem. The notes on films that you're reading today had to be in early and in addition, by lunch time on Thursday "The Seven Year Itch" hadn't been previewed to the Press, and I'd not been able to see either "Rebellion of the Hanged," "My Sister Eileen" or "Chief Crazy Horse."

What was to be done? Cut myself into quarters, or see the three latter ones at three different shows and leave Miss Monroe until next week, knowing full well that most of Hongkong will dash to see her anyway, whatever my comments on her might be.

I decided on the latter course, and if it sounds as though Sister Eileen is about to gallop across the page wearing feathers and carrying a rope—then I crave your indulgence.

To start with I was disappointed in Lon Chaney—forsaking his villainous roles for once—as a Roman Catholic priest. He improves as the picture progresses, however, and his courageous defence of his villagers under the menace of the pirates who are trying to discover where the loot has disappeared shows much feeling and sympathy.

April Stevens—the gramophone record star who made her name by recording some numbers that had simple words but a sizzling Stevens delivery—sings "Am I in love?" during the "The Black Pirates" and although it hasn't a great deal to do with the story, I find I've made several notes on it, testifying to its temperature-raising qualities.

My sympathies were all with the girl—Martha Roth, but as, in so many out of the ordinary pictures they are, perhaps it's a personal preference that shouldn't be aired.

An ImMature Crazy Horse

Chief Crazy Horse, the man who was responsible for the defeat of the schoolboy's hero, George Custer, is played with determination and pitfalls by Victor Mature.

Somebody must have said to him before the picture was started "Dignity, oh boy—you gotta have dignity to play Crazy Horse".

The only trouble is that Mature seems to have confused dignity with immobility and the nearest object I can think of with which to compare him, is one of those wooden Indians

that stand outside some of the shops in America.

There's no doubt about the fact that he takes his role seriously—I'm not complaining about that—it's merely that this is an average western that would have slid by quite happily if there hadn't been a big name in the main part, and it makes Mature look foolish.

Crazy Horse is ambitious, but not materially so. His feelings are with his people and when he wipes out Custer (an operation which mercifully we don't see) it is in order to teach the white man the lesson that the red man's land must be kept free.

Well, it's not a new thought and we've met it in many less-publicised pictures. But seldom has it been presented with such an attempted sense of dedication.

Like most of the new westerns, this film is almost entirely on the side of the Indians. Mature is allowed to be in love (European style) with his squaw, Suzan Ball, and to be genuinely grieved when his child dies.

This is all to the legendary hero's credit, but I'm old-fashioned enough to like my Indians a little more phlegmatic as to feeling and a shade less detached about their hereditary enemy, the white man.

John Lund has the rather thankless role of a major in the United States Army who "understands" Chief Crazy Horse and is rather inexplicably allowed to go unpunished after he has made no attempt to stop the Indian from annihilating Custer's band. It's true he was lying wounded and disarmed in the Indian camp at the time, and did not know what was being planned, but I think there might have been just the gesture of a Court Martial afterwards, to clear the air. A lot of loose ends in "Chief Crazy Horse".

The Seamy Side Of A City

Soon we'll be seeing "Pete Kelly's Blues"—an unusual gangster story having as its background the jazzy, neurotic period between 1920 and 1930 when, in America, decency died and the racketeers took over.

At least, that's what it looks like from the comfortable pinnacle of 1955, from where we're inclined to feel "It couldn't happen today".

That the roaring twenties didn't have a monopoly in the field of crime, producer Sam Katzman reminds us in "New Orleans Uncensored".

It's a present-day picture of vice, corruption and extortion, with the reins being held by the waterfront unions.

The "legitimate" unions are whitewashed, and the black unions are shown up as being run by crooked gang leaders, but one has the feeling that although the ending is tidied up nicely with the villains being brought to book, in real life there would be enough of them left lurking about to wage warfare against society with such accepted weapons as strikes, go-slow tactics, and veiled intimidation.

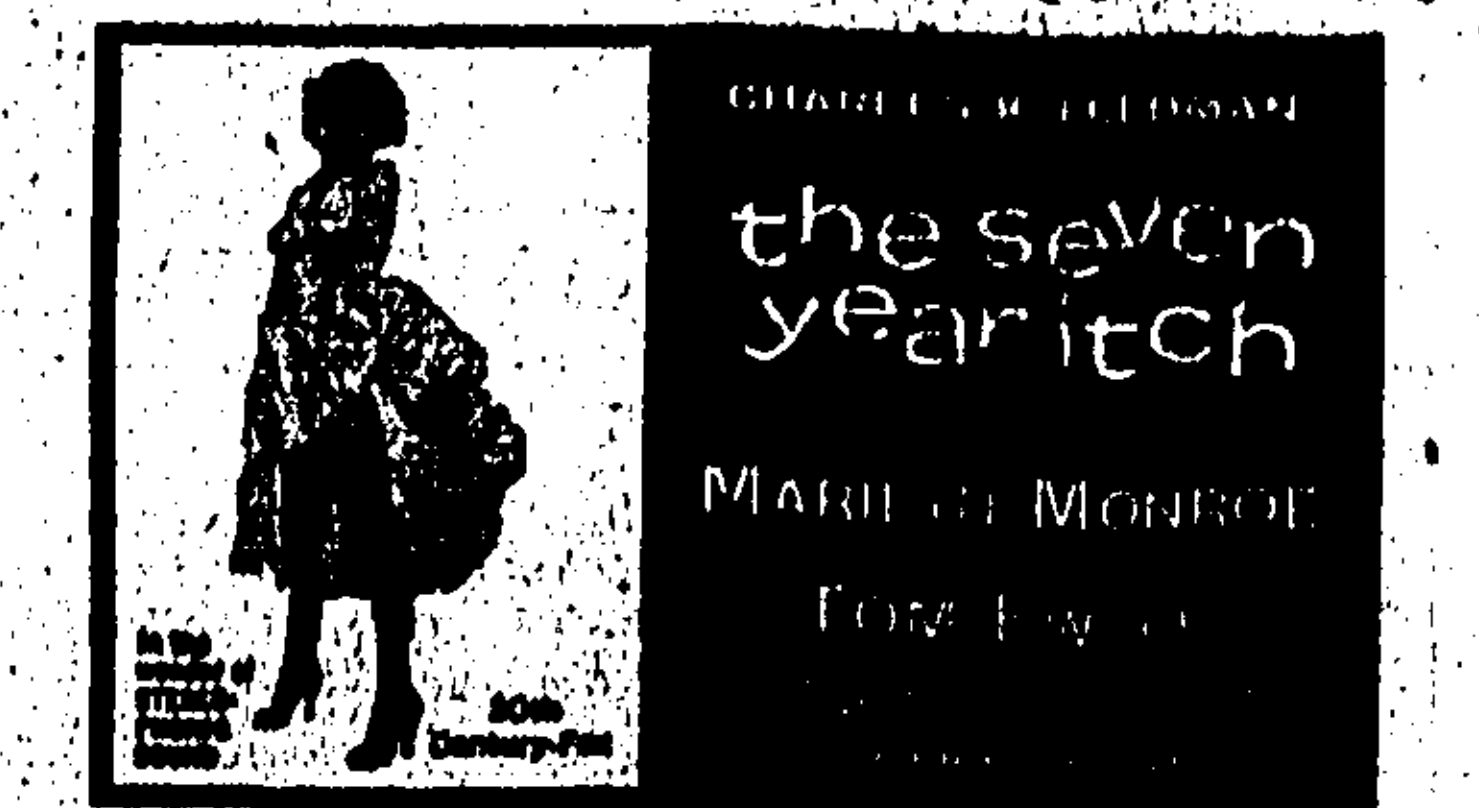
Arthur Franz and Beverly Garland have the chief parts.

(Continued on Page 3 Col. 1)

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
SHE'S BACK IN HONG KONG!

THE SCREEN'S GREATEST SENSATION!

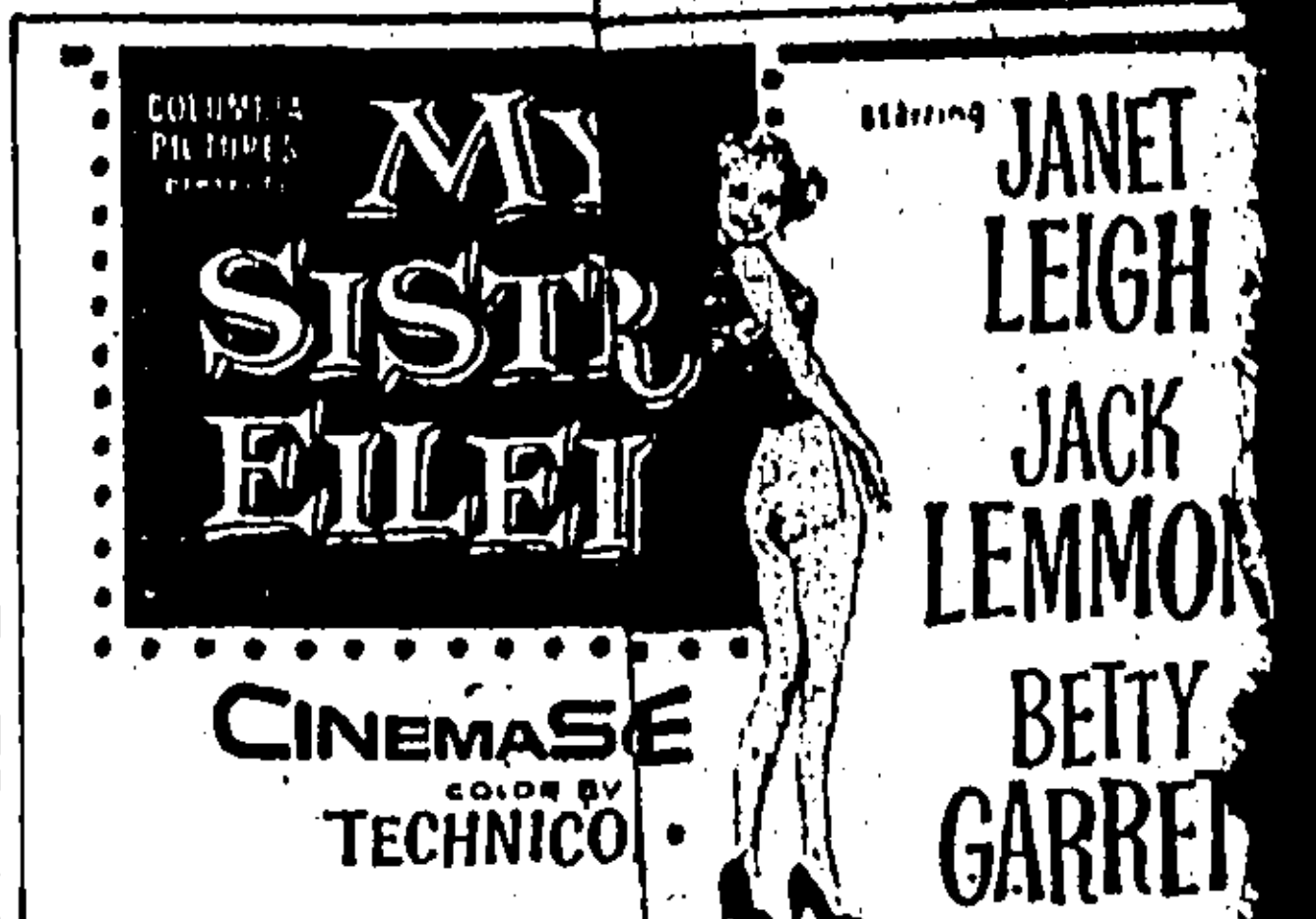


ADDED ATTRACTION! "The Seven Year Itch" Subject
"VOLCANIC VIOLENCE" CHINA'S 1st Film
J SHOWS TOMORROW
DYNASTY PERFORMANCE AT 12.00 NOON

TOMORROW KING AT 11.30 A.M.
QUEEN ALHAMBRA
RKO's Technicolor
"HANS CHRIST ANDERSEN"
with Danny Ke
AT ED PRICES
COLOR CARTOONS

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA
2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40

SHOW TO-DAY



WATFOR IT



HOOVER LIBERTY
CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 50

NOW PLAYING 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 and 9.40 p.m.



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JANE POWELL - MARTIN REYNOLDS - VIC DAMONE - RUSSELL TAMBLYN
CINEMASCOPE

5 SHOWS ON SUNDAY—1st MATINEE AT 12.00

LEE TO-NIGHT AT 7.40 & 9.50 P.M.

CANTONES OPERA

Admissions: \$3.50, \$3.00, \$1.70 & \$1.00

EMPIRE

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

LATIN AMERICA GAS BOMB

MARTHA ROTH SINGS "AM LOVE"

HEAT WAVES POUR OUTFROM THE SCREEN

She won the "OSCAR" of 1954 by this picture



ADDED LATEST PARAMOUNT NEWS

TO-MORROW MATINEE AT 11.00

JANE CAGNEY VIGILIA 12.30

REDUCED PRICES: 1.00 On To 5.00 & 3.00

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Really Sold
Citizens In
Cape Town

Cape Town has no "solid citizens" than other place in Africa. Two American scientists, left Cape Town by air Johannesburg this week in proved it.

They are Dr J. C. Rose and Mr. K. Koenen, geophysicists who are travelling around world checking up on earth's gravity.

Cape Town, they said, has highest gravity value in South Africa. This means that person in Cape Town weighs about 1 lb. more than he would in Nairobi.

But Mr. Koenen and Dr. Rose are not primarily interested in how much people weigh.

The measurements they take in places around the globe are used to calculate more accurately the shape of the earth. To do the job they have £15,000 sterling worth of equipment, packed in 17 crates. It all travels everywhere by air at a cost equal to seven first-class passenger fares.

The survey is being financed by the American Air Force and the information will enable them to make more accurate maps—China Mail Special.

HIS WHISKERS
GAVE 'HER' AWA

Elisabethville, Belgian Congo. Whiskers brought about the capture of a dangerous criminal in Elisabethville.

The criminal escaped from a prison, then dressed up as a woman.

An observant policeman, however, was suspicious of the whiskery "woman" and arrested him.—China Mail Special.

From Saigon:

The Government Declares War On Opium Addicts.

From Rome:

A Huge Statue Of Christ Is To Be Built South Of Rome.

From Bukavu:

Scientists Plan A New Attack Against The Tsetse Fly.

From Cape Town:

Where The Citizens Are Really Solid People.

Scientists Plan A New Attack
On The Dreaded Tsetse Fly

Bukavu, Belgian Congo. No insect in the world has stood up to a more concentrated attack by the human race than Africa's tsetse fly. And so far, the tsetse fly has won.

But scientists have reported to the Lederle-Sikorsky medical expedition crossing the dark continent by helicopter that a new drug is going to be used in an effort to get the upper hand over the insect that has made an area of Africa as big as Europe unsafe for human colonisation.

A vast part of Africa is almost desolate except for wild game—and the tsetse fly, which is the carrier of the parasite trypanosome. This parasite causes sleeping sickness, which is fatal to domestic cattle and extremely dangerous to man.

AND
THIS IS WHAT
IT LOOKS LIKE



Dr Said Kinany of the Cairo expedition said he hoped to arrange tests of the new antibiotic, stylomycin, as a weapon against the tsetse's bite. In preliminary experiments the new drug has shown hopeful results in clearing trypanosomes from the blood.

The tsetse fly itself has survived the most ingenious of man's weapons.

"The astonishing thing," said Dr Kinany, "is that the female tsetse lays less than two eggs a year—not hundreds of thousands as other insects do. Yet it resists all efforts to exterminate it.

They've tried breeding sterile males so no offspring would follow a mating. They've tried killing some females so the more numerous males would harass the rest of the females to death. They've bombed tsetse with insecticides.

They've tried using parasites to kill the tsetse's parasites, and they've even tried changing its surroundings by removing certain vegetation. But the tsetse keeps on living," said Dr Kinany.

The sleeping sickness carried by the tsetse is believed to be a comparatively new disease for domestic cattle and human beings. It tends to kill them. But zebra, antelope and other game native to Africa don't die from it, probably because their species have been exposed to it for hundreds of thousands of years.

Doctors believe any amount of effort to eradicate the tsetse fly is worthwhile for economic and humanitarian reasons. A victory in the fight would open a now-impermeable area to economic development.

Africa remains a hostile territory, as far as health is concerned for the foreign traveller. He must take anti-malaria shots, boil his drinking water, watch his food carefully, sleep under mosquito nets and wear boots.

Even malaria is getting resistant to drugs in some places, but medical science has managed to keep one jump ahead of the disease. Some West Africans have a form of immunity to malaria.

One tropical disease expert told the expedition he understood that West Africans were reluctant to go along with schemes to eradicate the menace of malaria.

Malaria does not bother them, and if the threat of the disease were wiped out it would just open their homeland to penetration by foreigners. They like things the way they are.—United Press.

VIETNAM
DECLARES
WAR ON
OPIUM
ADDICTS

By A Special Correspondent

Saigon. The South Vietnam Government has declared war on opium addicts.

Every day the newspapers denounce the evils of opium as "a new and real national peril which must be stamped out by all means." Groups of special police make nightly raids on secret dens, seize the pipes, lamps and opium and arrest the "flat ears"—the smokers.

A ban was imposed on opium several months ago in South Vietnam and the dens still open cater only to the most discreet clientele.

One of my Saigon acquaintances recently took me to several of these dens.

The first opium den my guide took me to was down a winding narrow stairway.

In Semi-Darkness

Groping in semi-darkness, we found compartments whose inclining floors, covered by new mats, permitted one to lie down comfortably.

The silence and the strange odour in the chamber were oppressive.

In one partition, a Chinese sat, reading quietly a newspaper by the light of a copper lamp covered by a shade. At his side all the necessary materials were laid carefully on a chased tray: a long pipe in a case, needles, a bowl, the boxes containing opium, scissors, pinners, a scraper.

Beside him sat two robust coolies, preparing and smoking the same pipe by turns. They smiled at me as I passed them. One offered me his pipe.

The proprietor of the den conducted us into a compartment. We lay down on a fine mat, our heads resting on a porcelain pillow, from which comes the expression "flat ears" for dope addicts.

Preparing A Pipe

I remember the details of preparing a pipe. The smoker, lying on his left side, picks up with his right hand at the fine point of a needle a pinch of the dope, brings it over the lamp, rotating the needle continuously between the thumb and index finger. This prevents the semi-liquid extract from falling and evaporating.

The ball of opium puffs up, becomes yellow and shrivels and gives off a penetrating perfume. When the paste is sufficiently thick, the smoker takes another pinch of opium from the box and superimposes it on top of the first. He goes through the same operation several times until the ball at the end of the needle becomes the size of a nut.

The kneaded paste is then rolled into a ball in the bowl of the pipe. The smoker brings it from time to time over the flames to keep the ball soft and give it the form of a small cone.

This preparation finished, the smoker crushes it, drives a needle into the ball and leaves the pierced and gluey ball in the bowl.

The smoker then lights his pipe with the flame of the small lamp, takes it to his mouth and with one deep breath puffs until the pipe is finished. This process takes not more than a minute for the experienced smoker.—United Press.

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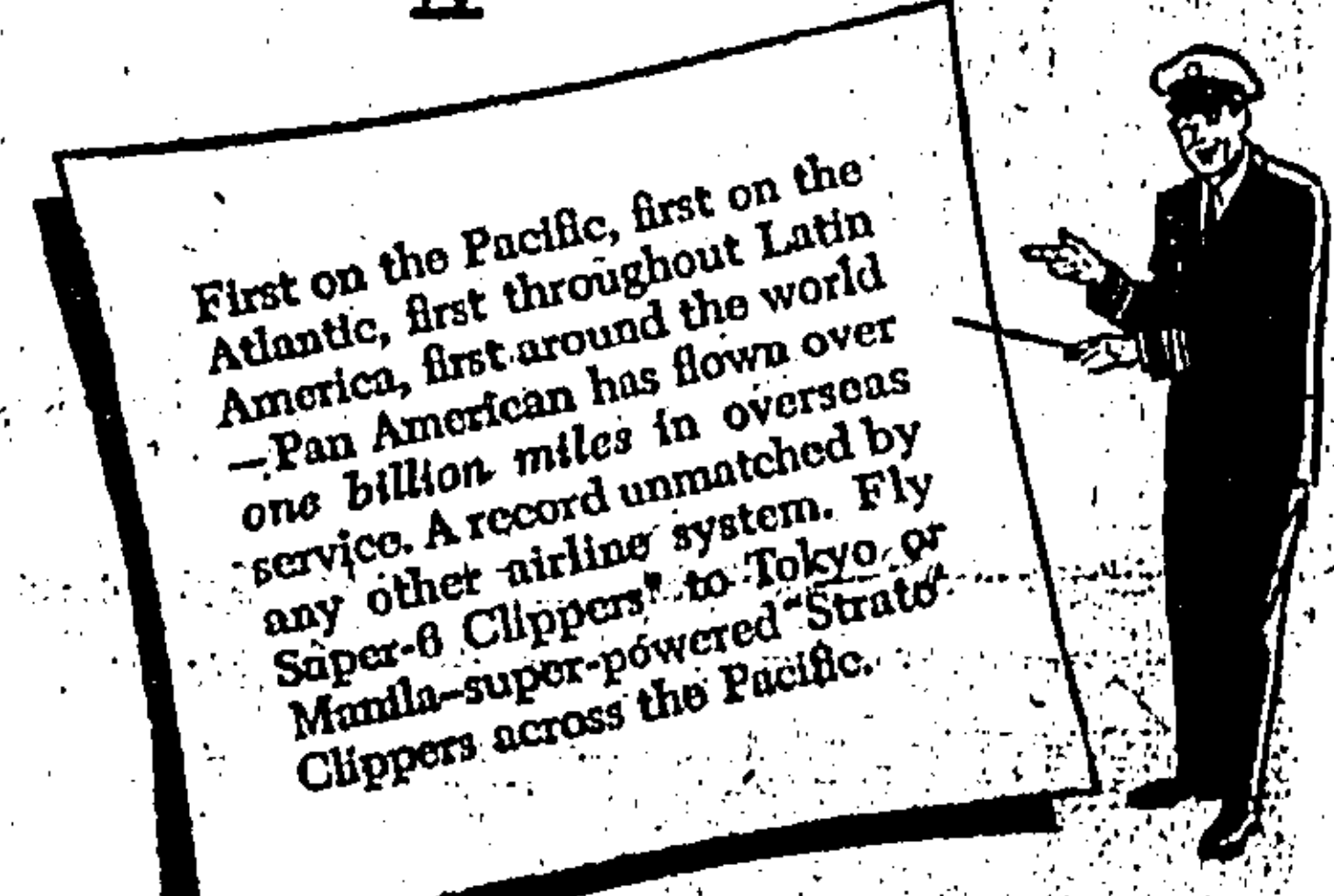
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SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Mom, if your feet hurt how about sitting on the merry-go-round and resting for half an hour?"

FILMS - CURRENT & COMING

(Continued from Page 2)
"My Sister Ellen" has the advantage — a disadvantage if you look at that way — of having been made from a 1942 movie, which in turn came from a 1940 Broadway play which was based on some prices in the New Yorker. Ruth McKenney. All this gives it a familiarity to so many people seem comfortable.

I have never seen any of its predecessors, but I get that "Wonderful Town" which Rosalind Russell was in, was extremely successful. I such a pity then, that "My Sister Ellen" has lost her role as the years have slipped. Ellen herself is played in bouncy, misbegotten by Janet Leigh, and her seductive older sister by Betty Hutton. I got very tired of Betty's eternally good-natured impersonation of the boys tell for her and that she knew she had much better looking for most of them gave her a for. It's the theme of the to be sure, but need it to be battered home in such a hammer fashion?

It's about two girls come to New York from Ohio. The older sister is a with

Doom And Gloom
In Mexico

"Rebellion of the Hanged" is full of doom and gloom, but if you can bear to be shocked by depth of feeling

rather than by the visual effects produced by the screen, it's well worth a visit.

I would go to the hottest, most uncomfortable theatre anywhere to see Pedro Armendariz. His looks may be unimpressive, but the power of his personality and his understanding of human nature in his best and worst forms come across the screen with such force that his physical appearance is entirely unimportant.

It's not necessary to be uncomfortable to see him this week-end however. "Rebellion of the Hanged" is being shown at the New York and Great World theatres.

The deplorable conditions existing in the Mexican lumber camps is the theme of "Rebellion of the Hanged." The emphasis is on the poverty that forces men to sign on for the dreaded work, and on the unlimited power held by the camp managers.

Quite rightly it has won many awards as a work of intelligence rather than as a sensation-dicker and although its undoubted violence may sell it to those who go to the cinema merely to be diverted, it is the undercurrent of seriousness that reveals it as a worth-while film.

The president of the association is a well-known Roman lawyer, Giuseppe Rizzo, who has never mixed with politics. He hopes the Pope will inaugurate the statue which will take several years to build. A small model of the project has already been approved by the association and another larger test model will be made before work actually begins.

Like A Beacon

The 328-foot statue will stand on a pedestal 137 feet high. In comparison, the Statue of Liberty is 161 feet high on a 154-foot pedestal.

The immense head will be lit as a beacon at night and will be clearly visible from Rome. From the Clamping airport, where international tourists throng through, it will be visible in day-time.

The statue, work of the Roman sculptor, Vincenzo Torre, will be of bronze with a hollow interior, divided into various sections.

Some of the sections will contain galleries of religious works of art, such as paintings, sculptures and mosaics. The statue's base, which Christ is holding with his left hand, will contain

HUGE STATUE OF CHRIST
TO BE BUILT IN
THE HILLS SOUTH OF ROME

Rome. As a dedication to world peace, a huge bronze statue of Jesus Christ will soon be erected on top of Monte Cavo, an extinct crater of a volcano towering above the distant city of Rome.

The statue will be so big a monument to such a worthy cause that the right arm, raised in a blessing to the whole world, will contain a chapel for several hundred faithful to worship within sight of Rome.

The monument will measure 328 feet in height and is claimed to be the biggest in the world. It will be twice as high as the Statue of Liberty and will minimise the famous Christ of the Andes which stands close to the border between Chile and Argentina.

The site of the statue will be on the spot where the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, pitched his camp after routing the Roman legions during the second Punic War more than 2,000 years ago.

Monte Cavo is 2,460 feet high and 20 miles south of Rome. It is close to Castel Gandolfo, summer residence of the Popes, who spend the sweltering summer months at the Barberini Villa there on the banks of Lake Albano.

No Party Ties

The projectors of the religious monument belong to a union called "Association for Prosperity and Peace among Peoples" who point out that they are absolutely non-political and are linked with no party whatsoever.

The association, which includes leading Italian professors, doctors, lawyers and architects, will appeal to colleagues and faithful around the world to collect the funds for the monument which will cost several million dollars. Rich Catholics will be called upon to aid in the erection of this monument dedicated to peace.

Large Mosaic

The spacious salon of reception in the pedestal of the statue will be decorated with a large mosaic depicting the Last Supper taken by Jesus with his disciples on the evening of his betrayal.

Once this statue is erected, Italy will have the tallest and the deepest statues of Christ throughout the world. The deepest one is that of "Christ of the Abyss," an eight-foot bronze statue on a 70-ton cement base which was dropped 30 fathoms into the bay of San Fruttuoso, near Camogli, on the Italian Riviera, last September. It was dedicated to all those lost at sea.

Spanish Scotch?

Madrid. Spain is studying plans to construct a whisky distillery, according to the weekly newspaper "El Economista."

In the past few years the amount of whisky consumed in Spain has risen greatly.

Scotch whisky is an expensive luxury for Spaniards. The price varies from 300 pesetas to 400 pesetas (£28 to £44 sterling) per bottle in Madrid's shops.—China Mail Special.



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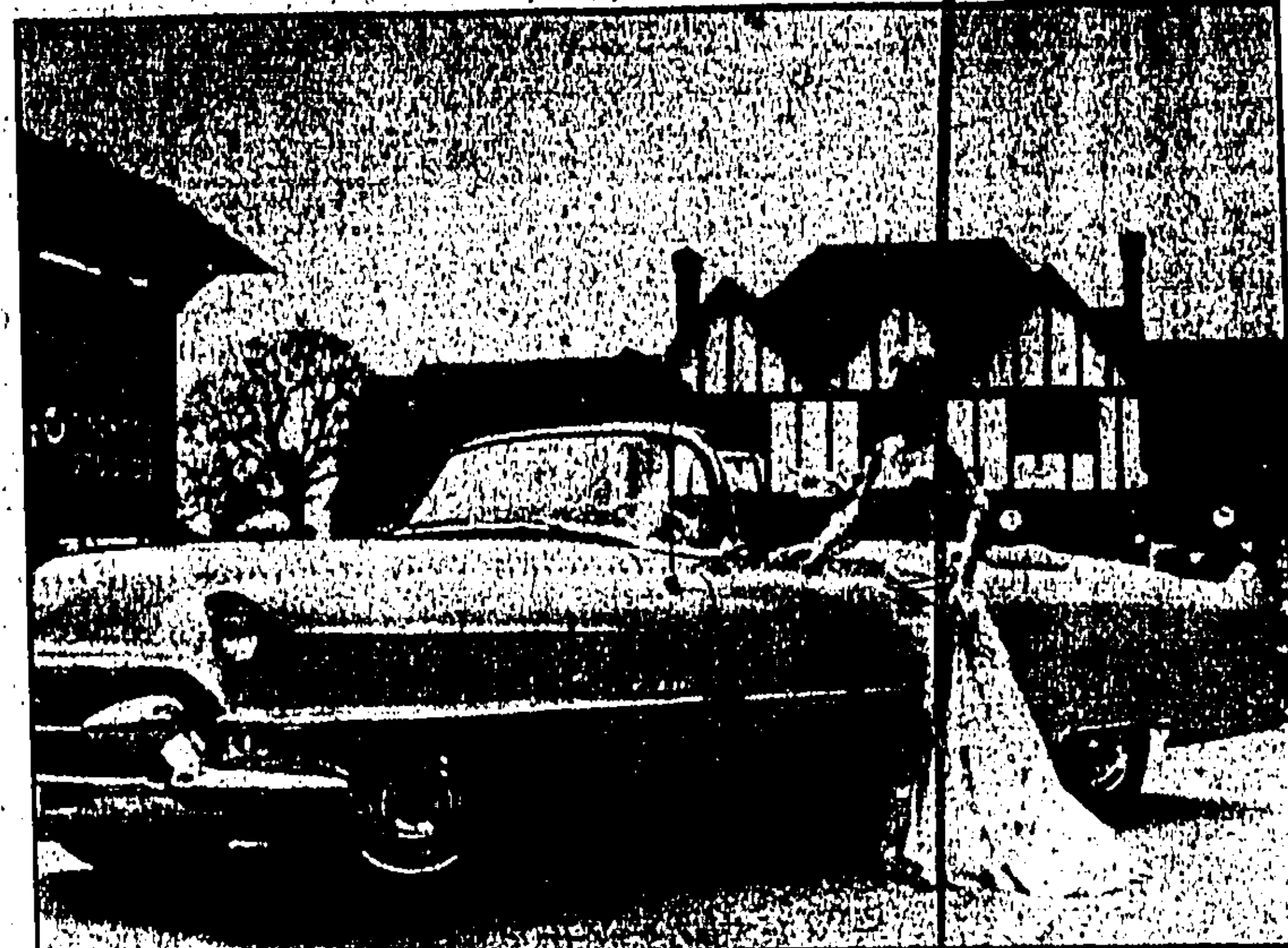
DISPLAYING the ancient craft of mending carpets he learned in Smyrna more than 50 years ago is Daniel Nahun, 72, and watching is the 28-year-old Countess of Harewood. Scene was at an antique dealers' fair at Harrogate, Yorkshire. (Express)



LEFT: The "pay up or be posted up" London grocer, Tom Seagrove of Peckham, who one day recently stuck a notice in his show window warning his debtors that unless they settled what they owed him, their names and the amounts they owed would be posted in his window. He was as good as his word. The first day four names were up. Soon after, they paid up. (Express)



PRINCESS MARGRETHE, aged 15, the eldest daughter of King Frederick and Queen Ingrid of Denmark, has arrived in Britain for a year's schooling at North Foreland Lodge, near Basingstoke, Hampshire. There are 90 girls at the school. She is seen here with her parents on their arrival. (Express)



DIANA DORS, Britain's buxom, blonde answer to Hollywood's Marilyn Monroe, plays a millionaire's daughter in her new film, "An Alligator Named Daisy." It gives her a chance to wear clothes of sumptuous design, such as this evening dress of silk parchment satin, costing £120. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



AH, these passionate Frenchmen! British actress Sally Ann Howes looks taken aback as Jacques Pills plants a slight token of affection on her neck. In fact, it wasn't such a surprise. Sally and Jacques were rehearsing a scene for their musical comedy, "Romance in Candlelight," which has just opened in London. (Express)



THE TV dress that was censored. Canadian-born vocalist, Patti Lewis, wearing the split-skirt dress, with very tight tights underneath, which BBC officials decided was too "indiscreet" for a television appearance. (Express)



SHE helps GI's. Miss Joyce Kirtley, one of the 30 British girls who plan recreation for American Servicemen in Britain and look after their welfare in Servicemen's clubs at 23 USAF bases all over the country. She listens to one GI's problem at the U.S. Army base at Brize Norton, near Oxford. (Army News)



MANY regiments have known instances of father and son serving together, fewer of father and two sons, but the 2nd Battalion, the Green Howards, can boast of two fathers each with two sons serving together. RSM C. Peacock (extreme left), with 27 years' service, with his sons on his left, Sgt W. Peacock and Cpl J. Peacock. Sgt B. Rowell (third from right), with 30 years' service, and his sons, L/Cpl D. Rowell and Pte B. Rowell. (Army News)

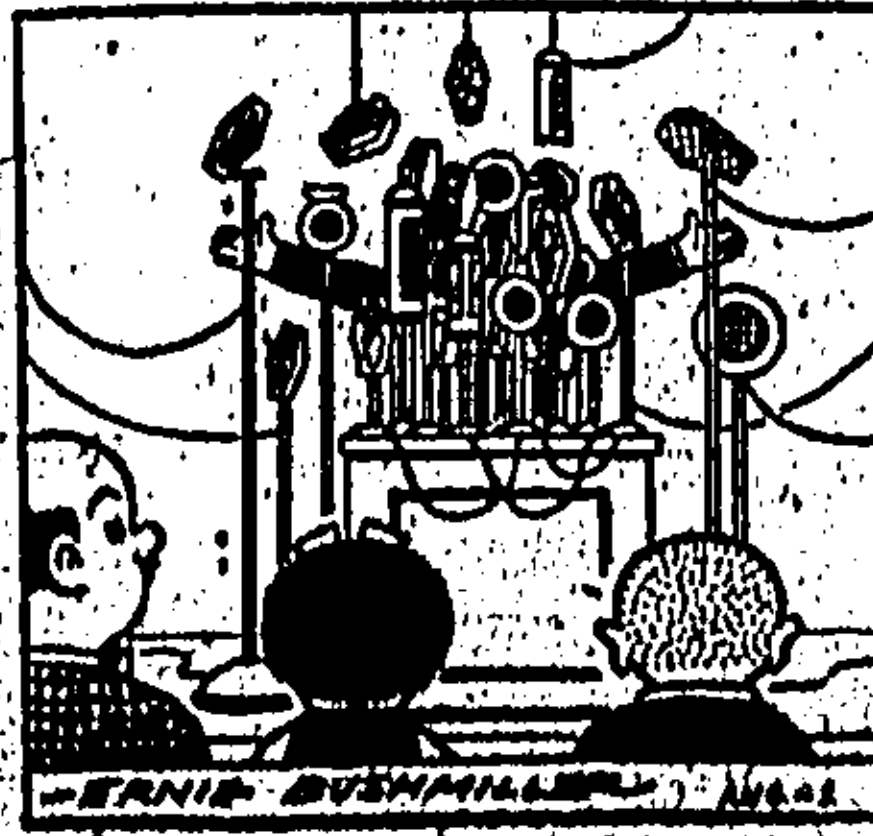


IT'S more than two months until Christmas arrives, but already London has started showing signs of the Yuletide spirit. In Regent Street one of the capital's main shopping thoroughfares, all stars are already hanging, as the picture demonstrates. (Express)



RE-ENACTMENT of England's first recorded steeplechase at the Woolwich Stadium Searchlight Tattoo. The original race was run in 1803 at midnight over 4½ miles to settle a bet made by a cavalry officer. The jockeys all wore night-shirts over their uniforms and cotton nightcaps. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK
MAGIC
SORTED
CHOCOLATES

Concluding . . . Great cases of the Great Detectives of Today

BEVERIDGE goes into action!

TODAY'S detective is CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT PETER BEVERIDGE—56-year-old member of a well-known five police family. He has just retired from the Yard and is to live in Edinburgh, where his only daughter is a teacher of music. Before joining the Murder Squad he was chief of the West End C.I.D.

by PERCY HOSKINS

MURDER springs from one of five obsessions — e n v y, jealousy, malice, greed, or revenge. Envious people, it has been said, are devoured by their own disposition just as iron is by rust.

Few cases in my experience illustrate the truth of that saying so adequately as the triple mystery of Matfield.

Three women died in the garden of a lonely cottage on the Tonbridge road, near this secluded Kent village.

ONE 'WITNESS'

WHILE the Battle of Britain raged overhead—for it was a July afternoon of 1940, and 39 Luftwaffe planes were brought down that day—a telephone rang in the cottage.

No one answered. Death had come to the three women, not through the Luftwaffe, but through the barrel of a rabbit gun.

It was Mrs. Harriet Gibbs who made the telephone call. She was the mother-in-law of Mrs. Dorothy Sanders Fisher, who occupied the cottage with her 19-year-old daughter Freda and a middle-aged housekeeper, Miss Charlotte Saunders.

When she could get no reply Mrs. Gibbs sent her gardener to find out why. And he found—this:—

FREDA FISHER was lying across the orchard path, shot through the back.

HER MOTHER was sprawled across a wicket gate, shot through the back (it seemed she had seen her daughter killed and had tried to escape).

CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS had, apparently, come face to face with the killer at the door of the cottage. She was found



THE scene in Holborn during the war. A man raises his hat to a woman. They talk. He is Chief Superintendent Beveridge. She is a murderess.

there, shot between the temple and the right ear.

The only living witness of this frenzied triple murder was a whimpering dachshund.

Chief Superintendent Peter Beveridge of Scotland Yard found the cottage in chaos and among the debris a tray of broken crockery. You and I would have ignored it.

ONE GLOVE

BUT four, patient Beveridge did not. He took that tray of china fragments, hundreds of them, and pieced them together. And he found—three cups and saucers? No, **FOUR**.

Who was this guest for whom tea had been prepared? The murderer? Beveridge was soon to know the answer.

For in the orchard he found a left-hand white hogskin glove. A woman's glove.

Mrs. Fisher, he discovered later, lived apart from her husband, though on the best of terms with him. He now had a farm at Piddington, near Oxford.

Beveridge drove the 70 miles to the farm and there he heard for the first time of Mrs. Florence Iris Oulda Ransome, a slightly-built, auburn-haired widow of 35 who acted as secretary-manager.

She was, he was told, in bed recovering from bruises received in a fall. But eventually he saw her and she answered some questions.

Yes, she knew the Fisher family well. Very well. She often visited them, to be given the **FOURTH** cup. But no, she had not been to see them on the day of the crime. She had not

even left the farm. "Ask the woman servant, she will tell you the same," said Mrs. Ransome. Beveridge got up to go. Casually he pulled from his pocket a white hogskin glove. "Would you mind trying this on?" he asked.

Beveridge saw it fitted perfectly. He questioned the servant—Mrs. Ransome's own mother.

He asked the woman one final question. Was she certain that her daughter was at the farm at the time of the murders? She was not certain.

ONE BARREL

BEVERIDGE drove back to Matfield in time to join the late Sir Bernard Spilsbury, Home Office pathologist, at the post mortems.

Sir Bernard had barely begun before he said: "These are not revolver wounds. They were made by gunshot."

And then Beveridge recalled seeing a farmer's .410 single-barrelled shotgun a few hours earlier—at the Piddington farm. Beveridge now set out to get proof that Mrs. Ransome had been in the neighbourhood at the time of the crime and within 24 hours Yard men had traced 13 people who had seen a woman in blue slacks carrying a long, narrow, brown-paper parcel.

They had seen her in the right place and at the right time, and she answered the description of Mrs. Ransome.

ONE ALONE

THIS was it. Beveridge drove back to Piddington. Mrs. Ransome had gone—"to see a doctor in London." So on to London.

He picked up her trail as she crossed the City to keep an appointment at Holborn. She wore a light costume and hat, and brogues, and now she wore brown gloves. She carried a small holdall, and she was alone.

I was standing close by when Beveridge stopped her outside a stationer's shop. He raised his hat politely. And no one knew, in all the crowds in Holborn then, that at that moment a murderess was under arrest. It was a premeditated crime. Three weeks earlier Mrs. Ransome had asked a farm-hand: "Is that gun of Dick's (a farm-hand) dangerous? Would it kill anyone?" A few days later she asked to be shown how it worked.

SIX SHOTS

THEN she asked if she could borrow it—to shoot rabbits. She returned it on Wednesday, July 10. The day after the murders.

It was also a crime of frenzy. Mrs. Ransome shot Freda first and then her mother. She reloaded and shot the mother again, as she lay on the ground.

Then she returned to Freda and fired two more shots into the girl's side. She killed the housekeeper to get rid of the only possible witness.

Her trial lasted three days. She was found guilty and sentenced to death. But she did not hang. She was later certified insane and sent to Broadmoor.

EIGHT years later inmates of Broadmoor put on a play called "The Earl and the Girl," and this is part of the notice of it which appeared in the Evening Standard.

"One of the most outstanding performances of the night was given by Daphne Brent. She played the part of a fair-ground dog trainer's girl friend and did so with an aplomb that would have startled many experienced actors and actresses."

Daphne Brent? She would have been better known to the three women who died at Matfield as Mrs. Florence Iris Oulda Ransome.

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JOURNEY INTO SPACE

Rockets will bring back the facts

BITISH scientists are to fire two big rockets up more than 120 miles to find more about the fringes of space.

The information is vital before manned space-flight can be attempted. Artist John Bodle and science reporter Chapman Pincher here chart the path of the rockets through the known and the unknown.

THIS much is KNOWN . . . Above the height of 15 miles the rockets will be "bombed" by cosmic rays and meteoric dust. The summit of the flight is about 130 miles below the level of the earth satellite project.

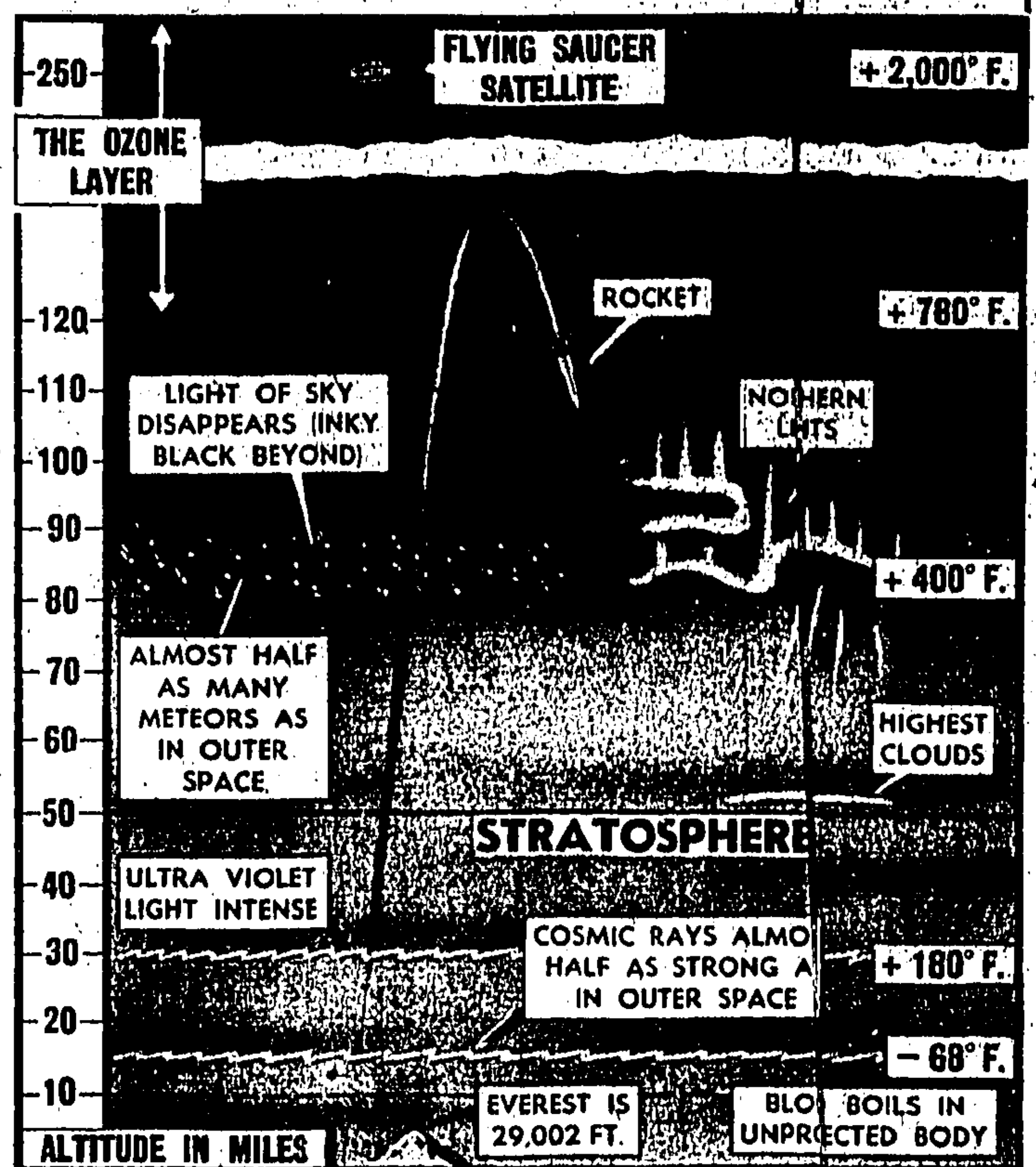
Two years

Instruments in the rockets will measure temperature, pressure, and the speed of the upper winds.

The rockets will be fired from the desert range at Woomera, Australia, or from Britain's new rocket range in the Hebrides.

Supply Ministry scientists hope to build them within two years. Then university scientists, led by Professor Harrie Massey, will plot results.

THIS much is SUSPECTED . . . Scientists think that a certain glow in the sky—the al glow—is due to minute amounts of the metal sodium in the upper atmosphere. They believe they can prove this by ejecting more sodium



vapour into the atmosphere and watching to see whether the glow becomes brighter. Some of the British rockets, too, may blast out sodium vapour into the sky 60 miles up. They will be fired in October from the White Sands proving ground

in New Mexico. Scientists will try to make artificial moonlight. Such forms can affect the earth's atmosphere and radio and telegraphic communications. A cent warning agency will issue red alerts.

CHINA TRAVELS ALONG THE RUSSIAN ROAD

By STEPHEN GARNETT

"THE road we shall take is the road traversed by the Soviet Union. About this we have not the slightest doubt." That was the declaration made by the leading theorist of the Communist Party of China, Liu Shao-chi, when he reported on China's draft Constitution to the newly-elected National Assembly in Peking in August, 1954.

Now a man or a party does not necessarily dominate history just by saying so. Nevertheless, when the power of a modern dictatorship over 600 million people is gathered, in ostensibly pyramidal pattern, into the hands of a group, it is useful to bear in mind what is intended.

What we do know is that in this year of lightning skies, the population of China is not, even for a moment, being invited by its rulers to relax. Alongside the universal "vigilance" demanded in a mounting campaign against counter-revolution and dangerous thoughts, there is the appeal

to everything to be more "political." To be political, it is explained, is to be aware of the acute struggle. That is for the ordinary citizen or countryman, for the man who has not yet learned to think of sowing his crop or mending someone's shoes or teaching mathematics as a political activity.

The period covered by the chapters now considered vital for Communist China is that from 1921 to 1934. It starts, in the official picture, with the Soviet Republic, victorious in the revolutionary war, turning to heal its wounds and rebuild a shattered economy, while at the same time dealing with the attacks of "all kinds of counter-revolutionary elements."

Lenin's New Economic Policy is introduced, a necessary relaxation offering incentives to the hard-pressed peasants, permitting private trade and small private factories. The Party is

cleaned up by expelling 170,000 members. Stalin pushes forward his nationalities policy and the USSR is formed. Formidable difficulties, seen always in terms of "opponents" and "class enemies," are claimed to be overcome. It is assumed after the death of Lenin that agriculture has been sufficiently reinvigorated to take a sharp turn to "Socialist industrialisation" with the First Five-Year Plan. By June 1930, at the Sixteenth Party Congress, Stalin declares: "We are on the eve of the transformation of our country from an agrarian to an industrial country," and by January 1933, this is stated to have been done.

Its theoretical corollary, the collectivisation of agriculture, was not (says the official history) with mastery undertaken "just a peaceful process." The campaign against the private ownership of land, dramatised as "the policy of eliminating the kulaks as a class," was Stalin's answer to the crisis in grain farming, followed logically by a crisis in livestock farming, which left an insufficient marketable surplus for the artificially growing towns and threatened that "the army and the urban population would be faced with chronic famine." It is generally believed to have cost at least six million lives and to have set back Soviet agriculture for a generation, but that does not appear in the "History."

What does appear, on almost every page of these chapters, is tension—the struggle against internal enemies, the detection of the political rivals who were

to disprove in the great purges. Such forms can affect the earth's atmosphere and radio and telegraphic communications. A cent warning agency will issue red alerts.

These chapters of the convulsions of more than 20 years ago, in other words, are certainly in the whole answer to the end of China in 1955. The idea that China would avoid the mistakes and excesses of Russian Communism is still alive, though it grows fainter. There are dangers in the field of operation which the most elaborate tricks of "universal truth" will not overcome: to name only a few, Chinese agriculture does not provide millions of kulaks scapegoats for failure.

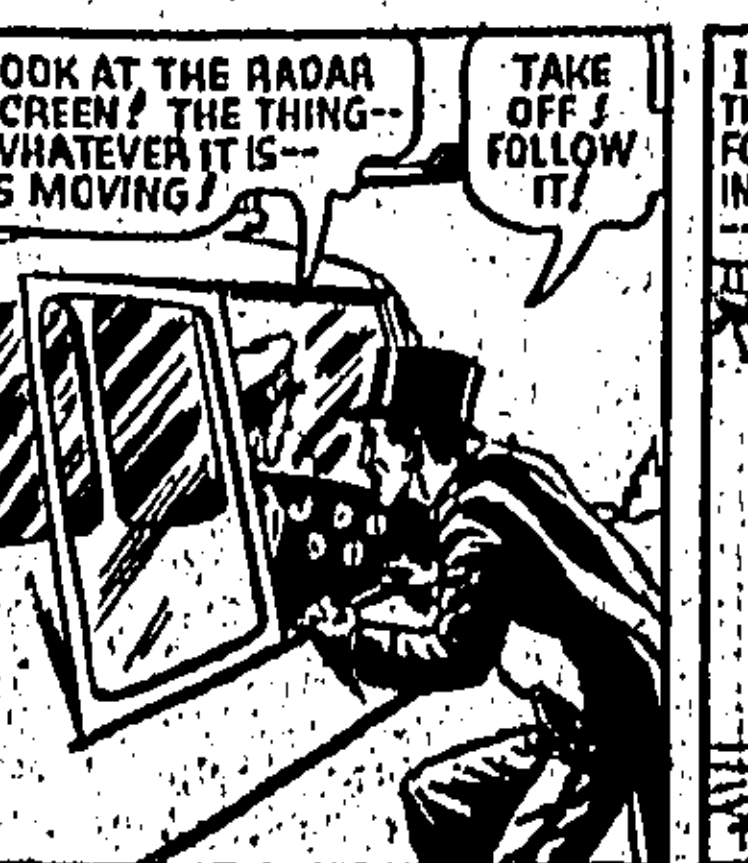
But what is thought to be a fundamental difference, the agrarian as opposed to a proletarian revolution, seems to be something which the rulers of China are trying to forget, and indeed reverse. They are not altogether blind to warnings, as if they can accomplish their scheduled "transformation" without the frightful destructiveness of Stalinism they will do so.

But the real danger of the big gamble on mass industrialisation is that its premises are not primarily economic but political.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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SUDDENLY, EISENHOWER'S ILLNESS CHANGES THE WHOLE POLITICAL OUTLOOK OF THE TOUGHEST JOB IN THE WORLD

The Political Power Of A Heartbeat

By RENE MacCOLL

THE heart attack suffered by President Dwight Eisenhower utterly transforms the United States political scene.

Until last Saturday it looked a virtual certainty that the President would be persuaded by the spokesmen of the Republican Party to run again for the presidency in next year's elections.

And if he had, he would — all American political experts were agreed — have won in a walk.

Now all is changed. Nobody would dream of urging a man of 64, with a tremendously arduous life behind him, and who now suffers a heart attack, to tackle the rigours of the election campaign and four more years in "the World's No. 1 job."

So next year's campaign is suddenly thrown wide open—with the odds, if anything, on the Democrats. For it was an open secret that the Republicans were in a panic of pessimism the moment there was any hint that Ike could not after all be deflected from his dream — retirement to his beguiling farmstead near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

"We haven't got any one else but like who could pull it off," they would privately confess. Well, now it will be a case of hard necessity — and someone else will have to be found.

THE FATEFUL PHRASE

"Who? During the last elections, back in 1952, when discussions were going on as to who should be Ike's "running mate" (i.e., candidate for the vice-presidency), I often heard the phrase, when the name of the then Senator Richard Nixon came up as a possibility — "Hm — but don't

forget that the guy will only be one heart-beat away from the presidency."

Today that phrase assumes a new (and sudden) force. But the Nixon of 1952 has changed out of all knowledge.

Nixon at that time was widely looked upon as merely an ambitious and irresponsible young fellow with a pretty wife. The Left detested him and denounced him as a "witch-hunter," because it was he who, as a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1948, persisted in "keeping after" Alger Hiss when his fellow committee-men were ready to drop the matter — and finally got the State Department's equivalent of Burgess and Maclean sent to jail.

THE FIRM ROOTS

But almost from the moment that he was nominated for the vice-presidency Nixon became a new man — sober in manner, extremely hard-working, conscientious. He has gained the real affection of Eisenhower himself — an almost paternal regard.

His popularity with the American public stands high today and is firmly rooted.

There are others.

A year or so ago Senator Knowland, of California, would have been in the running. Sometimes known as the "Senator for Formosa," because of his intense interest in Far Eastern matters and his fanatical partisanship for Chiang Kai-shek, Knowland's stock has slumped today because of the thaw in the cold war and the shifting of the international spotlight away from Formosa and its problems. But he could easily make a come-back if the Red Chin-



ese start to make threatening noises again.

So long as he stayed in politics, the floridly handsome Governor Earl Warren of California had a respectable chance. But he went to the Supreme Court and has since issued a categorical statement that he is out of politics for good.

My own hunch is that Nixon, the reformed character, will get the nod at the Republican Convention in San Francisco.

THE CASE OF TRUMAN

It seems clear that, unless Eisenhower makes a remarkable recovery from his much regretted attack, Nixon will now be asked to "carry the ball" for the President in all sorts of ways between now and the end of the presidential term.

Thus he will be very much in the public eye and will have a great chance of impressing the new and able personality on the nation at just the right moment.

Moreover, America has seen not long ago that even when one of the greatest of all her Presidents—Franklin D. Roosevelt—was tragically and abrupt-

ly removed from the scene while in office, the little man from Missouri called Harry Truman, who happened to be Vice-President and who had nothing much to commend him save unlimited courage, waded in and took over, learned the horrifyingly difficult job—and did it, by and large, very well indeed.

And which Democrat would Nixon—assuming he is picked by the Republicans—have to beat? Almost certainly one of two men: Adlai Stevenson, of Illinois; or Averell Harriman, Governor of New York State.

Stevenson was the Democrat candidate in 1952. He is immensely able, cultured, and sophisticated—too much so for the man-in-the-street, who vaguely resents the fact that he seems high-brow.

Harriman is coming along as a candidate at breakneck speed. He too is a patrician. He has a great personal fortune.

But by dint of hard work and tireless application Harriman is getting to be a fairly convincing back-slasher and political quipster. He seems to possess that last ounce of driving ambition which Stevenson perhaps lacks.

THE NAME IS 'AVE'

And somebody had the inspiration of dubbing him, during the campaign for the New York governorship, "Honest Abe" (a play on famous "Honest Abe" Lincoln). The nickname caught on overnight and has done him plenty of good.

But let not preoccupation with the political scene allow us to lose sight of the misfortune that has now fallen on a fine man, who deserves, and will always deserve, the profound gratitude of all in the free world.

Let us echo the sympathetic words coined to Denver by the Queen when she heard of Eisenhower's illness.

And let us remember the part he played in two tremendous victories—first against aggression in the hot war of 1939-45, and then against an even more sinister form of aggression in the years just past.

There are millions today outside the United States who will join fervently with the Americans themselves in wishing "Ilo" many, many happy years more, down on that Pennsylvania farm of his.

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"FOUR-A-N-D-TWENTY"

blackbirds baked in a pie. . . . Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a King?" George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, certainly knew his nursery rhymes. But then a Court favourite in the days of Charles I was expected to be fairly knowledgeable.

When the King and the Queen, Henrietta Maria, were passing through Rutland where Buckingham had an estate at Burleigh-on-the-Hill it was only natural that they should attend a dinner given by him and his Duchess in their honour.

At the end of the meal a very large, but still dainty dish was placed before the King. With a flourish of his silver dagger, Buckingham cut the pie-crust to reveal not 24 rather bedraggled blackbirds but one small boy only a foot-and-a-half tall and immaculately dressed. He bowed to the Royal party before giving them a well-rehearsed cabaret in miniature.

The midget boy was born in Oakham, the capital town of Rutland, England's smallest county, in 1619. His parents were of normal stature, his father a well-built and tubby butcher and his mother a large, raw-boned farmer's daughter.

At the age of nine little Jeffery Hudson—some records spell his name "Geoffrey"—was taken by his mother to the big house at Burleigh-on-the-Hill to be presented to the Duchess of Buckingham. She was delighted with him and engaged his services at once. Though only 18 inches tall he was, according to Fuller, a contemporary writer, perfectly formed and proportioned.

The Duke of Buckingham had known of Jeffery's existence for some time, since butcher Hudson was in charge of the Duke's bulls, which he kept for baiting.

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Only 18 inches tall, Jeffery Hudson began his career in a pie, braved piracy, prison, slavery and battle . . . and killed a man in a duel. One of the world's strangest stories.

THE QUEEN'S DWARF

By C. D. T. Baker-Carr

It was shortly after Jeffery was back in England with a commission in the Royal army and a knighthood in his pocket. It was as Captain of Horse Sir Jeffery Hudson that he rode into battle at Newbury alongside Prince Rupert, mounted on a full-size charger. Historian Fuller says of his prowess in battle, that he was "though a dwarf, no dastard."

When the Queen fled to Pendennis Castle in June, 1644, on her way to Paris and exile, Sir Jeffery was part of her retinue.

Back in her homeland, Henrietta Maria set up a miniature Court of her own and once more the pocket-sized knight was a centre of attraction.

But fame had gone to his head. He became arrogant and bellicose; so much so that on one occasion he was made to fight a battle with a turkey-cock. Thus two strutters were matched to the delight of the Court. Sir Jeffery won.

His bombastic personality—out of all proportion to his size—led him to challenge a member of the Queen's household to a duel. Mr Crofts had insulted him.

At dawn the next day the two met armed with Mr Crofts' choice of pistols. The little knight was mounted on a horse to make the whole affair slightly more equal-sided. The signal was given and Mr Crofts was the first to press his trigger. A stream of water narrowly missed Sir Jeffery — the commoner thought the duel so funny he was using the Stuart equivalent of a modern water pistol. This angered Sir Jeffery. He aimed, pulled the trigger. The pistol was real. Crofts fell dead as he laughed.

Henrietta Maria only just managed to save her knight from prison, and he had to leave the country. Once more a sea journey was not all plain sailing. This time he was captured by a band of Turkish pirates

and taken to Barbary, where he was sold as a slave. The price was more than usual — miniature slaves were a novelty. But his now master treated him just as harshly as if he had been fully grown.

According to Sir Jeffery, his miseries in captivity produced a very strange effect. He began to grow, not just the odd inch, but several. In fact he more than doubled his height. Finally he was ransomed by the English Government and when he arrived in England his Royal patrons were disappointed to find their favourite dwarf had grown to a good 3ft. 6in.

After the Restoration of the Monarchy Sir Jeffery lived in quiet retirement in his native county of Rutland, existing on a pension provided for him by old friends.

But the quiet of country life palled as he thought of his heyday at the Court. He set out for London to seek another fortune there. In 1678 owing to his adherence to the Roman Catholic faith he was accused of being involved in the Popish Plots. He was imprisoned in the Gate-house at Westminster but subsequently released.

In June of the following year records show that he received £50, and £20 in 1681, from the secret service fund of King Charles II. His former glories had departed—no more did a Mytens or a Van Dyck include him in their Royal portraits; no longer was he the after-dinner, table-top show at Court.

He died in obscurity in 1682. At 63 he had lived longer than his very unusual successor on the "stage," "General" Tom Thumb, who reached the age of 51 but remained a permanent 25 inches tall.

Today the curious can see Sir Jeffery's clothes — his embroidered waistcoat, his breeches and his stockings — in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

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FOREVER RITA

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A PUBLIC PET

MISS RITA HAYWORTH, reportedly off to parody with Husband No. 3 in Paris, once again demonstrates her ruthless flair for backing into the limelight.

This time she screens herself behind spectacular dark glasses, a new hairdo and the queer, unlikely pseudonym of Mrs Philsbury. But the reporters pursuing her are not fooled. They never are.

Poor Miss Hayworth. Forever disguised, forever rumpled. It is not surprising. Whenever she travels, incognito, her progress is as noisy as the Ride of the Valkyries.

Most durable

NOW nudging 40, Miss Hayworth can claim to be one of the most durable public pets of our time. Her name has acquired for millions an extraordinary magic. She has only to dye her hair—strawberry blond for Husband No. 1, red for Husband No. 2 and No. 3, black as she now speeds away from Husband No. 4—to collect tall headlines.

NOW WHY SHOULD HER NAME STICK WHEN SO MANY FADE?

What is it that makes Miss Hayworth eternally newsworthy?

It has nothing to do with her acting, of course. Because she seldom acts. She has not appeared in a new picture since 1953.

It could hardly be the sparkle of her personality either. The nearest Miss Hayworth has ever approached to wit has been to say: "We are just good friends."

Nor is it simply her marriage to Aly Khan. That heady business needs to be seen in proper perspective. The romance that once rocked the world is now as dead as mutton. Yet Miss Hayworth still steadily attracts the big print.

WHY? Well, the first thing to realize about her is that



nowadays most of the idolatry showered on her comes from women fans. Her pin-up days are long past. It is the avid, insatiable interest of her own sex that keeps the flash-bulbs.

The second clue to the importance of being Rita Hayworth can be found in the full, gorgeous, tally of the Hayworth husbands.

Just look at the list again: oil tycoon Edward Judson; Orson Welles; Aly Khan; Dick Haymes.

Private ideal

WHAT is the secret romantic daydream of the ordinary woman? Is it to marry a strong, tight-lipped man of affairs? Or an intellectual genius? Or a fabulous Oriental? Or perhaps a famous crooner?

Somewhere in that glamorous list you may be sure lies her private, wildly unattainable ideal.

MISS HAYWORTH HAS COLLECTED THE LOT.

Wealth, brains, international fame, popular shot-at-the-heart, she has married all of them. She has run the gamut. She has collared every glamorous type in the male gallery.

Can you wonder if she fascinates the rest of her sex?

But here is something else to set the seal on her popularity. Rebuke has thundered on Miss Hayworth from all directions. Even from Dr Donald Soper, that relentless critic of other people's failings who once used the Hayworth story as an anvil to hammer "the barnyard morals that prevail in highly publicized and overpaid circles."

Miss Hayworth's millions of women fans know better. They have watched her decorous performance as Sadie Thompson, the prostitute of the South Seas. They have observed the state of her skinny in "Adair in Trinidad." They have seen her as Salome peeling off the

veils with her little finger crooked as though she were sipping tea in the suburbs.

And they have said what the Aly Khan once said of her, "I know of no one more quiet and ladylike."

Through all the complexities of the most tangled love life of our time, Miss Hayworth somehow preserves unshakably for her fans the air of a nice, respectable girl. Perhaps it is illusory. But it takes the edge off envy. It is reassuring. It is profoundly heart-warming.

For who knows? That fantastic rise from slum-girl to princess, those Jacques Fath gowns, the £10,000 chinchilla fur, the thumping cash bonuses rolling in after each broken marriage, the perpetual glamour of the headlines—no—they are so unattainable after all!

What has happened to one nice, respectable girl might just conceivably happen to others.

Douglas Clark

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MADAME LORA CHANG
MRS. JOHN McNEILL
PROFESSOR HARRY ORE
MARY RICHARDSON
PROFESSOR F. J. STRASSERThe ITALIANS know how
to look at a girl

... but an ENGLISHMAN only peeps

by ANNE SHARPLEY

THERE is no doubt in my mind why Italian girls look, dress and move better than us. It's the Italian men. They look at the girls. And while it's the sort of look that is liable to raise two corresponding spots of damp on an English girl's skin the Italian girls seem to like it.

Every evening in the olive dust of Italian towns the girls parade to be looked at. Backwards and forwards they go, through the streets and across the piazzas in their crisp, glowing dresses, strutting a little perhaps as they get the "You have rooted me to the spot" look or the long, following stare of the Italian young men.

"Fare bella figura" (making a fine figure) and parading round the town is so established a part of Italian life that in towns like Perugia the main street is closed to traffic in the evening while the citizens display themselves.

And the way it pays off in dress sense and deportment—we could certainly introduce a little promenading here.

No wonder the Italian girls walk like queens and dress with provocative simplicity when the looks they get make the trouble worthwhile.

No wrinkles

No wonder they dress in colours that have a bright, round "ring" to them. True bright blues, reds and greens. Nothing wishy-washy, off-beam, muddy or acid. In the subtle dusk light or in the full blaze of the sun these colours have a radiance that is terrific. And they combine them boldly.

One girl I saw was wearing a deep lilac sweater to a brilliant red skirt, as if you can imagine it. (Don't try this yourself unless you have the spot-on eye for colour she had). And the "taboo" combination of bright pink and bright red is frequently seen, but done in the only way these colours can be matched.

An Italian girl knows that if she is to get "the look" she must show extreme care about the fit of a dress.

As mass production with its mass errors has not hit them yet most of their clothes are home-made. The results are usually simple and extremely well-fitting. No wrinkles, dropped hems and baggy waists.

The sewing-machine shop ranks alongside the post office, church and Communist Party

headquarters as a fixture in the smallest Italian towns, and every other shop seems to sell materials and pattern books.

And while she is swanking round the town in her new dress the Italian girl takes great care not to get it creased. If she rides her bicycle into town the skirt of her dress is spread over the mudguard of her back wheel (a curiously medieval effect this) so that the skirt should not be crushed. The mudguard need not say, has protective strappings so that a girl doesn't find herself spinning round her own back wheel.

And if she decides to sit in a cafe she still doesn't crease her dress. She dexterously whisks the skirt away from under her just as she is sitting down. For Italian it is not to be done with modesty and efficiency.

Vain?

Of course I am aware of some of the reasons for the convention of promenading. There is no other way for girls and young men to mix. And since they are not allowed to speak to one another a girl hardly has the opportunity to impress a young man with her wit. Everything depends on appearance.

Furthermore, clothes are not the same indication of class as they are elsewhere. English girls dress according to their means. For Italian it is not extravagance to spend practically everything they have on clothes.

One may argue that it is all extremely vain and absurdly strict to have young people walking about looking at one another but forbidden to speak. Or slightly pointless when one could be watching TV.

But oh, for just a little of it! The self-awareness that makes women look their loveliest. The fascination of a people so interested in one another that their favourite pastime is looking at people. The competition to be outstanding in an outstanding crowd and still not to resort to a mink bikini.

Ludicrous

What about it you shy, cautious or superior young Englishmen? You don't do enough for your egos. Take a little more interest and in no time at all you'll find us scrapping those dim print frocks with the apologetic fitting. We might even learn to walk attractively if we thought you were really looking and not just shooting sideways glances with a "goodness-I-hope-she-doesn't-think-I'm-looking-at-her" nervousness.

Those bowler-hatted young men I saw in the Tube might learn to look boldly at the luscious girl (not me) opposite them instead of all lifting their papers to their faces and peeping over the top. (Ludicrous spectacle this that would have an Italian in fits of laughter.)

The curious thing is that the English used to have this tradition of promenading and looking at one another if Restoration comedies, old prints and other indications are to be believed. The last traces of it are to be found at the seaside when tans are cooled in the evening and, rather self-consciously at Easter, I suppose.

We're still intensely curious about one another even if it only takes the form of peering through net curtains or looking into the TV box. So why not let's get out into the open and have a really good look at one another. Perhaps even talk to one another, too.

Women will go on wearing "just for" clothes (just for the office, just for the house) for as long as they think no one will look at them.

But if they know they're going to run the gauntlet of a few stares, watch them snap out of it!

Gentlemen, let me reassure you. Looking at a girl is not going to be interpreted as an invitation to abscond.

Consolation

She simply thinks happily, "I must be looking nice today." Which increases her resolution to look nice tomorrow, too.

So why not start using your eyes—and just watch the scenery improve!

Consolation footnote: Italian girls are wonderful, but Italian men, in my view, are another matter. The first attractive man I saw in Italy was the tall, blond English pilot of the airplane that brought me back. He just gave me the old English sideways look. Heigh-ho! ... (COPYRIGHT)



Emmwood.

THE MURDER OF THE
CAFE SOCIETY ROMEO
REMAINS A MYSTERY

By RICHARD KILIAN

FOR eight months New York police have been desperately trying to solve the baffling murder of international financier and cafe society Romeo, Serge Rubinstein.

And now a \$25,000 reward has been offered by the 46-year-old Cambridge graduate's mother, Stella, for information leading to the arrest of the killer.

One thing is certain: the police are no closer to finding the murderer—or his motive—now than they were on January 27, the day Rubinstein died.

CHASTLY SIGHT

One detective, who asked for his name not to be mentioned, said: "The poor guy on that case are still working their way through a list of possible suspects. They must only have about ten thousand left."

Rubinstein's death—like most of his flamboyant life—was more than most writers could hope to create. Picture that one scene of the typically British butler, William Morter of Norwich, carrying the usual breakfast tray through the ornate door of the third-floor suite Rubinstein used in the treasure-strawed Fifth Avenue mansion.

His eyes notice the disarray. Then he sees the ghastly sight of his pudgy master lying face-down on the thick wall-to-wall carpet. That was the climax of the Rubinstein saga which stretched across many continents and many people. The end is yet to come.

The police are still assuming the murderer was one of the countless thousands of people Rubinstein seemed to delight in brushing or crushing completely in his cut-throat march towards wealth and power. Robbery has been ruled out because the murderer left a fortune in priceless paintings and silver.

The police are convinced it was a revenge murder. But it may have been done by a paid killer. They are probably right.

Starting with his childhood flight from the Bolsheviks terrorising St Petersburg, his underwear padded with roubles and a huge sapphire strung around his neck, Rubinstein's life had been centred on making lots of money—and spending it.

The New York police have found it almost impossible to separate the fiction from the startling fact as they have dug in their search for a clue.

His shady business life, first in Europe and then in the United States, has been described as "one of swindles and treacheries." It is here the police are searching the hardest.

In Paris Rubinstein's gift for making money where money did not exist first showed up. The precocious youth of 23, who had graduated at Cambridge with high honours, was manager of a bank which handled Chinese affairs.

MILLION DOLLARS

Discovering that a series of old defaulted bonds should have been repaid at that time, Rubinstein bought up one million dollars worth for \$25,000. Then, when the Chinese Government forwarded to the bank a million dollars to pay the interest on a totally different series of bonds, Rubinstein promptly paid himself the whole amount for the worthless stock.

It was for dealings like this he gained himself the dubious reputation "the boy wizard of international finance."

In 1936 Pierre Laval's government asked Rubinstein to leave because of shady financial practices. But Serge, always boastful, always smiling in face of trouble, said Laval had him deported for advances to a Marquis whom Laval himself favoured.

Rubinstein arrived in the United States in 1938 on a Portuguese passport he had bought for \$2,000 in Shanghai, and with a pocketful of cash taken out of a British firm which owned gold mines in Korea.

Taking over 17 United States corporations quickly, he continued making enemies as he strode roughshod through Wall Street. His name became known all over the world as lawsuit after lawsuit came down on

his curly, black-haired head. But he always won.

And slowly his private life came into the open through the lawsuits.

The police are not ignoring the tangled love life of the little man with the big Napoleon complex. He favoured unknown models, aspiring actresses, night club hat-check girls, waitresses, sales girls. Any girl, in fact, who had good looks, youth and was taller than he was.

PRETTY GIRLS

The police have been questioning an endless stream of pretty girls who at one time knew Rubinstein. He lavished clothes and gifts in plush cafe society hangouts on these girls, and usually ended up by handing them a latch key to the Fifth Avenue mansion.

Anywhere up to 10 girls might have had keys to the same lock. Then one day Rubinstein would change the lock and recruit a new team.

After his release from the Federal prison, where he served a two-year sentence for evading military service, Rubinstein showed up at a White Russian New Year's Eve ball in New York with no less than seven girls.

Even the homely pretty girls, whose names (all three thick ledgers in Rubinstein's study, have not been able to clear away the mystery.

Mrs. Stella Rubinstein, Serge's 72-year-old mother, who still lives at 814 Fifth Avenue, said: "I still don't know how any outsider managed to get into the house. But the police are doing the best they can."

TOTAL MYSTERY

The five-story house, with eight main bedrooms, ten servants' rooms, eight bathrooms and two lifts, plus the keys given to the girls, offered many means of entrance.

Now there are no more lawman parties for 500 persons, chock-full of celebrities, in the mansion.

The costumes of Napoleon and the paintings and statues may still fill Serge's ornate bedroom. But it is silent there. As silent as the life was today and colorful. And it seems in character that Rubinstein's death be shrouded in total mystery as was most of his life.

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MR FIVE PERCENT'S PLANS
GO WRONG By RALPH HEWINS

Lisbon. THE colossal fortune, estimated at tens of millions of pounds, left by Mr Five Percent—oil king Calouste Gulbenkian, who died in Portugal last July—may be whittled down to a very "ordinary" fortune.

That was the fear after the first meeting of his trustees in Lisbon.

Lawyers' fees, taxation, and family disputes may eat up this, greatest private fortune of all time. And in just a way that Mr Five Percent sought to avoid at the end of his 86 years.

Two months' work by the world's leading bankers, ac-

countants, lawyers, and oil companies have not yet found out within millions what he was really worth.

So much is known—his fortune was somewhat less than £300 million.

And he made every possible provision to avoid death duties, notably by leaving the bulk of his money to a new international charitable foundation in Portugal where such bequests are not taxed.

Much more is not known. It is not agreed whether he was domiciled in Portugal where he lived his last 14 years, or England, where he was a naturalised British citizen, or in Turkey, where he was born and had property.

And tax gatherers of each country are staking their claims.

Nor is it known what charitable organisations Gulbenkian intended to endow. So far lawyers have only outlined statutes for the foundation. And there is no certainty that the draft is workable.

Furthermore, it is not yet known whether the family will accept the will.

It stipulates that anybody disputing the will forfeits any inheritance and will also have to return any money received in the past from Mr Five Percent.

Whether such a clause is valid in international law is doubtful, although English courts have upheld such provisions.

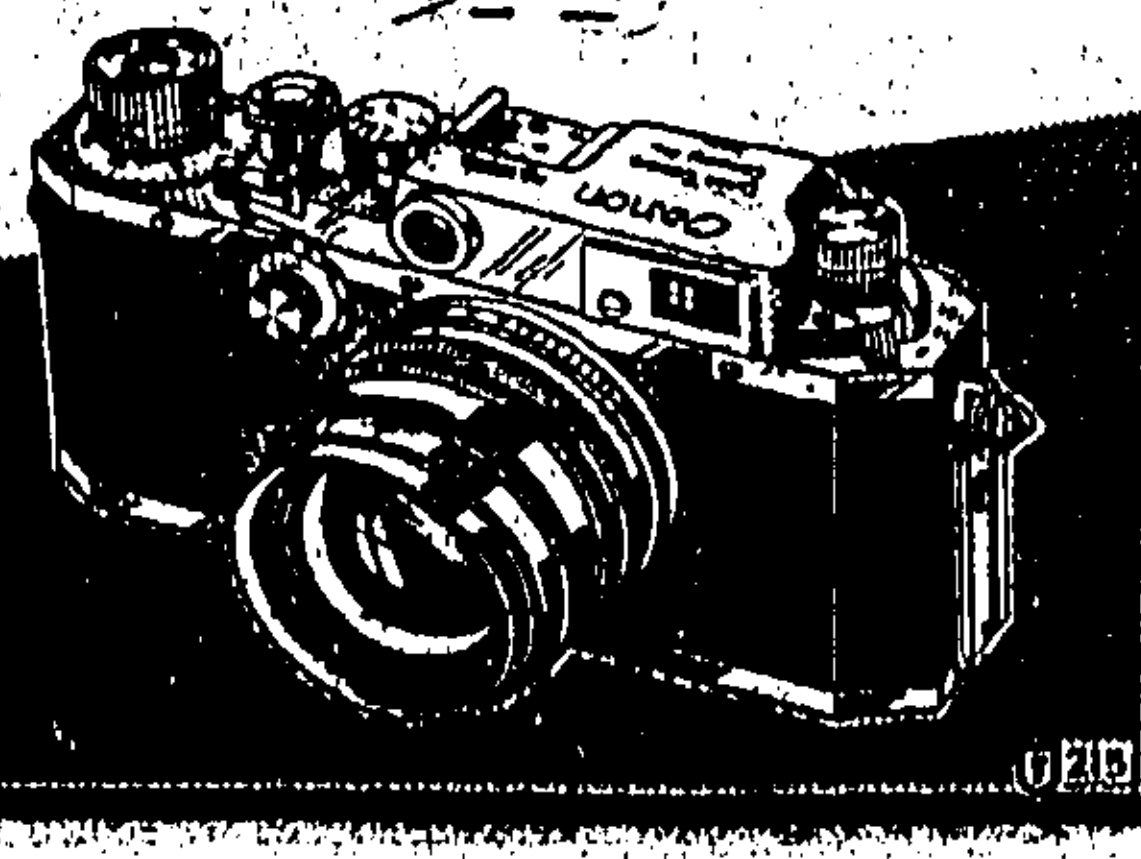
So Mr Five Percent's four nearest relatives may still fight the will. They had a meeting about it in Lisbon recently but made no decision.

JOHNNY HAZARD



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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

As the diplomat's wife said to me...

THE Siamese Ambassador's wife had just paid her call and left when I visited Madame Arias, the wife of Panama's Ambassador.

Madame Arias is small, elegant and graceful, with a gentle, intelligent face and a snood of dark brown hair. She married in February, and came new as a chicken to Diplomacy. Precedence and Protocol were as strange to her then as they are to me.

"I not only knew nothing about how to be an ambassadress," Madame Arias told me, "but I didn't even know how to run a house. I'd always lived in a flat and I'd never had servants. I had no experience of the Diplomatic, and I still know terribly little about Panama."

"Are the rules and conventions terrifying?" I asked. "I was nervous at first, of course. But people are very nice to you."

"My first job was to call on the other ambassadors' wives, as I was the new arrival, starting with the Doyenne, Madame Prebensen, of Norway. You make appointments to call, and your visit must not last more than 20 minutes. There are 20 Latin American embassies alone, so there was quite a lot to do."

"What about entertaining?" I asked. "I suppose the bomb would go up if you seated people in the wrong order?"

"Yes, you mustn't do that, but it really isn't difficult. If you ask, there is always someone to tell you the rules."



MME. ARIAS AND HUSBAND

"And you must realise that this is a very small embassy. If it had been, say, the French Embassy, I couldn't have managed it. Even as it is, with my own work as well, there are weeks when it just doesn't

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES hears the 'CD' problems of a very new Ambassadress

seem possible to get through all there is to do.

"But this is a small house, which I run with a butler-chauffeur and two maids. The dining-room seats only 12 people, so there's no question of giving banquets."

★ ★ ★

"We have a dinner party perhaps once a week when we are in London, and our first big party will be for Panama National Day in November."

"Could I possibly see some of the house?" I

asked — for we were sipping long cool drinks in the shady, paved garden, which is filled with hydrangeas and petunias and roses.

"Only the dining-room is finished," she said, "but come and see that. For the first months, we had to borrow furniture from a shop and there are still no pictures up, and half the upholstery hasn't arrived — so you see what a bad ambassadress I am."

But she certainly isn't — for she has enough charm to twist a von Papen round her finger; and the house (as far as it's finished) is elegant without the frosty formality of typical Embassy decor.

The dining-room walls (still no pictures!) are lined with olive green shantung and the doors are painted yellow. There are big windows looking on the garden, and it all looks rather like a pleasant country house.

"When you pay your diplomatic calls," I said (for these calls fascinate me) "what on earth do you talk about?"

★ ★ ★

"On everything under the sun, England, and the weather, and the best schools for children and so on. And they all give me lots of friendly advice."

"Such as?" I asked. "They all tell me that whatever I do I mustn't give up dancing."

Which is marvellously good advice.

Because Madame Arias, in case you've forgotten, is the only and only Margot Fonteyn.

Now the models take a look at the people on the beach

London. FOUR model girls toured with us round the holiday towns, three lovely blondes and a stunning brunette. I thought it would be interesting to have their reactions to the holiday crowds for whom they modelled our specially chosen budget outfits.

Simone, 24-year-old French model, tall, dark and striking, found "the standard of grooming excellent." She had always heard of English rose complexions and was surprised to see "tans as deep as on the French Riviera."

Her chief criticism was the general silhouette. "Women don't seem to worry enough what they wear underneath a pretty dress to get the right effect."

Jessica Black, 22-year-old blonde, with a wonderful smile and engaging smile, found the Eastbourne crowd "much the smartest." At other towns "I thought women were wearing too many fussy clothes, more suitable for a cocktail party than the beach."

She had high praise for the colourfulness of the beaches this year. "Quite as gay as the Continent."

Australian Diane Ferree is golden blonde, and 21. "The hairstyles impressed me most," she says. "They are shorter, prettier and easier for 'mamma' these days. This was particularly noticeable on windy days when many heads still managed to look tidy."

Daphne Leffell, a 21-year-old honey blonde, with large hazel eyes, had only one criticism: "Too many high heels for the beach."

She thought the accessories were outstandingly good. "I saw many attractive beach bags, sandals and stoles. I also noticed the increasing use of beads of all varieties, and I found them colourful with sunbath."

(London Express Service).

Now the models take a look at the people on the beach



SIMONE



JESSICA



DIANE



DAPHNE

Now the models take a look at the people on the beach

London. FOUR model girls toured with us round the holiday towns, three lovely blondes and a stunning brunette. I thought it would be interesting to have their reactions to the holiday crowds for whom they modelled our specially chosen budget outfits.

Simone, 24-year-old French model, tall, dark and striking, found "the standard of grooming excellent." She had always heard of English rose complexions and was surprised to see "tans as deep as on the French Riviera."

Her chief criticism was the general silhouette. "Women don't seem to worry enough what they wear underneath a pretty dress to get the right effect."

Jessica Black, 22-year-old blonde, with a wonderful smile and engaging smile, found the Eastbourne crowd "much the smartest." At other towns "I thought women were wearing too many fussy clothes, more suitable for a cocktail party than the beach."

She had high praise for the colourfulness of the beaches this year. "Quite as gay as the Continent."

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(London Express Service).



MORE hat news than for many seasons. The new slender, throw-away fashion silhouette puts great importance on the hat that tops it. A half-hat just won't do.

The new trend I like best is the furry-looking hat. Real fur, melusine or swanadown give bulk without heaviness to the prettiest hats in Paris and London.

They throw infinitely flattering shadows on your face. I've chosen three shapes to show you, all with the fluffy, furry look.

Above: A large Cossack-shaped pillbox of felt and fur. Below: A black melusine beret from Svend of Paris.



Pictures (above by RELAND; and (top) by ALAN BOYD.

EILEEN ASCROFT examines an admission that most women make before they are 30

I NEED COMFORT ... AT MY AGE

WHEN you are under 21 it can be fun living in one room furnished with orange boxes. Cooking all your meals on a small gas-ring is a challenge to ingenuity, and possessing no bank balance is no hardship at all.

I have done it all and enjoyed it enormously... walking to work, cutting my own hair, dreaming in the dark when the electric meter gave out, and going to church three times on Sunday because it was the warmest, cheapest place to go to!

AND THEN...

But suddenly it happens. You're no longer 21 and it isn't funny any more. To most of us it comes before our "thirtieth birthday," that day when we realise that the comforts of life are important to our happiness.

I confess frankly, I have now reached the age when I need comfort.

But "comfort" means different things to different people. To me it means having my hair professionally washed and set once a week, buying a new dress when I want one, taking a friend to lunch, being able to buy a new book or gramophone record or see a show.

It stands for bath salts that match my favourite perfume, nylon stockings that don't need to be darned, flowers in my rooms, hand-initialed bed linen and changing my accents every day of the week.

"My idea of comfort," says Max Factor, president of the cosmetics firm, now on a visit from America, "is giving my beard a 'rest' over the week-end."

It's such a comfort not to have to get up at 11 o'clock on Monday morning when I return to business.

"At the end of a hectic day in New York," another American visitor, model Pamela Van der Hurst, tells me, "I like nothing better than relaxing in a warm bubble bath."

regards comfort as "30 minutes a day of total silence for rest and relaxation."

"My idea of comfort," says actress Joan Greenwood, "is a double bed with everything I need round it for writing, reading or eating. I find it bliss to relax with everything to hand."

"Perfume or cologne one day long, even for doing the washing up." This comes from Mrs. Matill, wife of the dress designer.

(London Express Service).

FURS FEATURE BOLD NEW COLOURS

New York. FOUR designers have turned to search for new ideas.

Mink turns blue, beaver pink and broadtail purple in the hands of some of the nation's top furriers.

Designer Esther Dorothy, one of the pioneers in the field of colouring fur so that the animal wouldn't recognise his own pelt, features iris blue and topaz mink in her autumn collection.

She dyes American broadtail a bright red and uses it in a full length, straight-lined coat with black velvet collar. Also in the dyed broadtail group are coats in Irish green and deep purple.

This same designer shows sable dined blue-grey and beaver dyed a bright clear pink called "pink amethyst."

Ritter Brothers of New York shows a short jacket of pink beaver, and Christian Dior's New York fur line includes a wedge-shaped blue beaver coat.

Miss Dorothy said there is one major reason for all this break from the traditional blacks, browns and greys.

"Many women now have a two-car wardrobe... like the two-car garage. They want at least one of the furs to stand out from the crowd."

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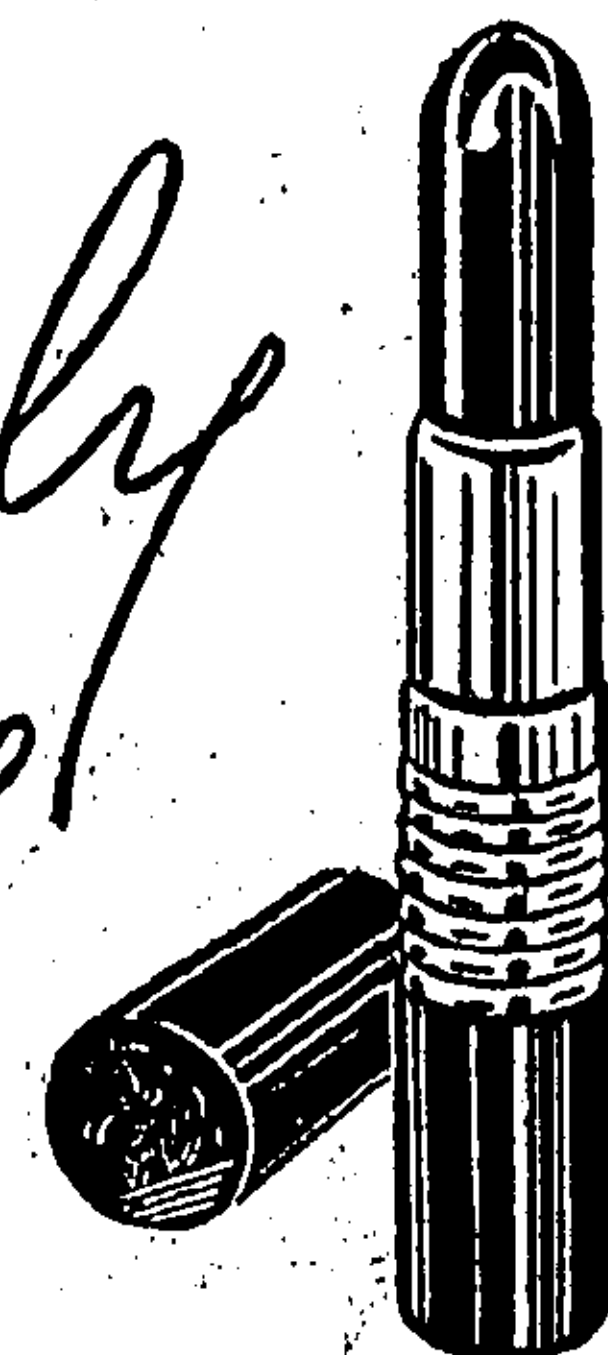
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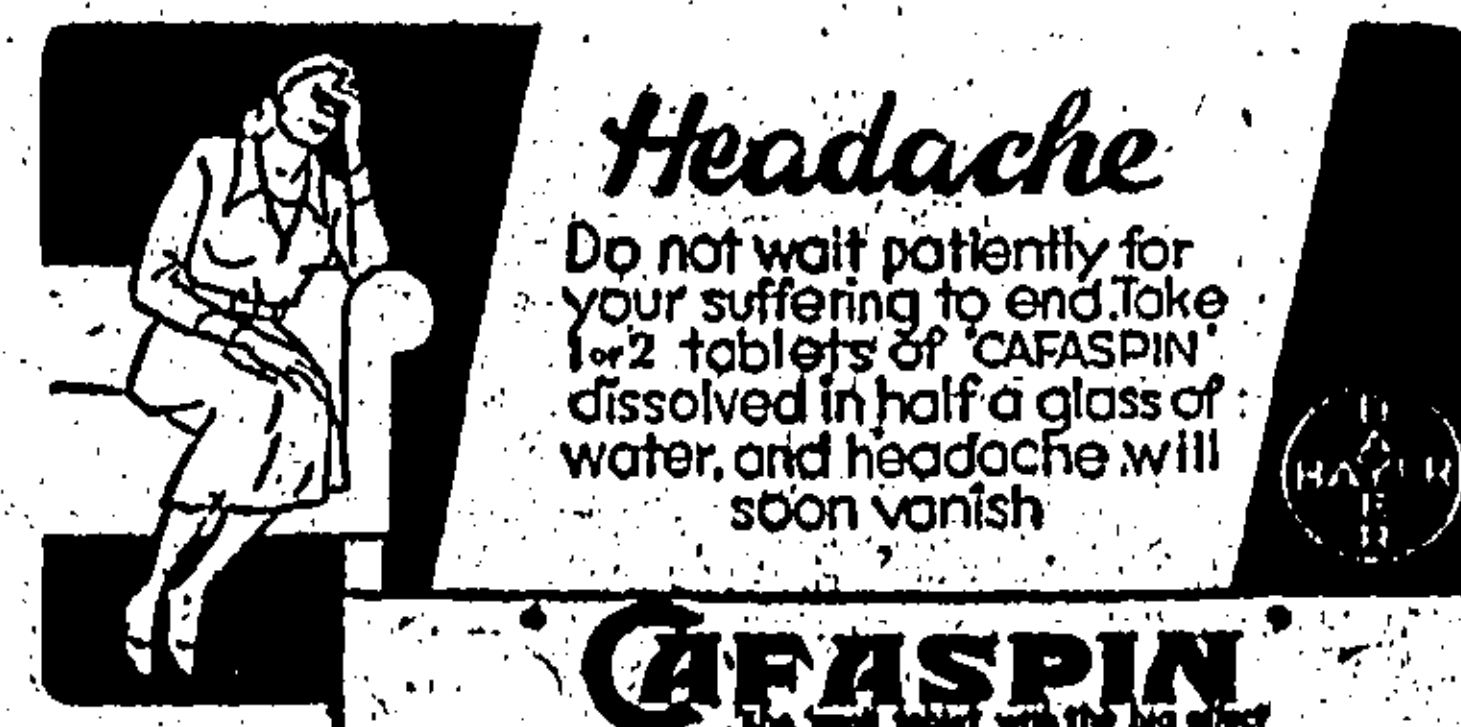
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PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post, South China Sunday Post-Herald, and China Mail Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED

DIOR DRESS INSPIRED BY TURKISH TAPESTRIES



"Camelans", presented by Christian Dior in his autumn-winter collection, is a slim dress with a pattern inspired by Turkish tapestries.—Agence France-Press.



GREAT interest has been taken in the exhibition of relics discovered in the 2000-year-old tomb at Li Cheng Uk. The exhibition is at the Fung Ping-shan Library. Pictures were taken at the preview, which was opened by the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. E. B. David (right). With Mr David is Mr Chan Sai-bun, chairman of the Chinese Society of the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, on Tuesday opened the new buildings of the Wah Yan College on Mount Parish. Above, he and Lady Grantham are being shown round the new school. Right: Lady Grantham presented with a bouquet by one of the students, Martin Wong. (Staff Photographer)



MARRIED at the Rosary Church on Thursday: Mr Archibald John Long and Miss Trilby Maureen Abbess. (Staff Photographer)



FAMILY group taken after the christening at St John's Cathedral last Sunday of Stephen William Guy Temple, infant son of the Very Rev. F. S. Temple, Dean of the Cathedral, and Mrs Temple. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Ceremony at Police Headquarters when the Commissioner of Police, Mr A. C. Maxwell, awarded letters of appreciation to several citizens for assisting the Police. Shown are Messrs Loung Kam-shing, Paul A. Wong and J. H. O'Brien, who were rewarded for their public service in arresting a robber in January. (Staff Photographer)

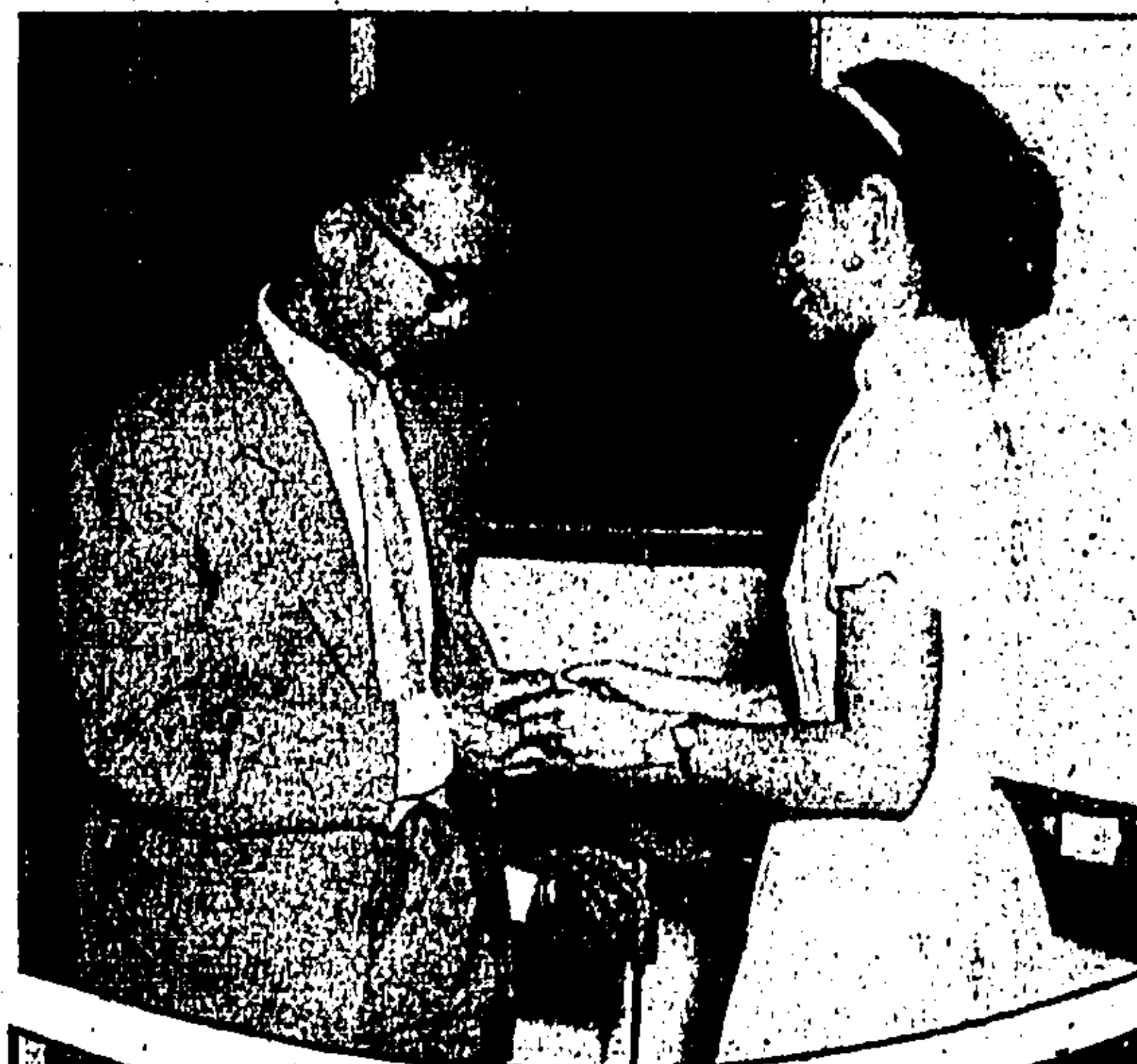


BELOW: Street sale of flags last Saturday in aid of the Boys and Girls Clubs Association. Mr Tan Chin-poo, Honorary Consul for Burma, has a flag pinned on his lapel by Miss Fei Lai-chan. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Miss Azalea Reynolds and some of her pupils in "Les Sylphides," presented at the Princess Theatre on Wednesday. Below: Miss Pearl Tso in "Old Peking." Two items in a ballet programme in aid of the Tsimshatsui Kai-fong Association's welfare centre project. (Mainland)

RIGHT: The Arabic class of the Moslem Cemetery Mosque, Happy Valley, gave a tea party on Tuesday in honour of their teacher, Haji Mulvi Ebrahim Hung Chun-chung, who is shortly leaving for Formosa. Miss Rudia Dallah is seen making a presentation to Mulvi Hung on behalf of the class. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Winners of the South China Morning Post Sports Association table tennis tournament for the Franklin Shield. Chen Hung, the champion, is in centre with the Shield, with Lai Yang-kit, runner-up (extreme left), and Yeung Pak-choy, third, on the right. With them are Mr W. A. Grinham, General Manager, who made the presentation at a party on Monday, and Mr Kwong Yuen-on, Chairman of the Association. (Staff Photographer)

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SURGEON - LIEUTENANT Francis Michael Kinsman, RN, and his bride, formerly Miss Margaret Emily Hillier, snapped after their wedding at the Registry of Marriages last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



TEA party given by President and Mrs. Magsaysay at the Malacanán Palace, Manila, in connection with the Philippine Mental Health Association. From left: Mrs. Garcia, Mrs. Luz Magsaysay, Mrs. Nivora and Mr. Richard Malig from Hongkong.



MRS. John Wai presenting the Chinese Cup to Mrs. E. M. Wiseloy at the prize distribution of the Ladies Section, Royal Hongkong Golf Club, at Deep Water Bay. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: India's Minister of Health, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, speaking to reporters at Kai Tak Airport after her arrival from New Delhi on Wednesday. She is going to study health problems in Communist China. (Staff Photographer)



THE winners of the senior 50 metres relay race at the Diocesan Boys' School swimming sports. From left: Wong Ying-leung, Lo King-man, Cheung Man-fay and Lee Pak-him. (Ming Yuen)

BELOW: Mr. T. Spinks (third from left, front row), the new Manager of the Hongkong and China Gas Co., Ltd., welcomed at Kai Tak on his arrival on Wednesday. He was formerly of Shanghai. (Staff Photographer)



THE Consul for Portugal, Dr. G. M. do Castilho, raising the flag of Portugal which he presented to the Escola Camoes on Wednesday. (Ming Yuen)

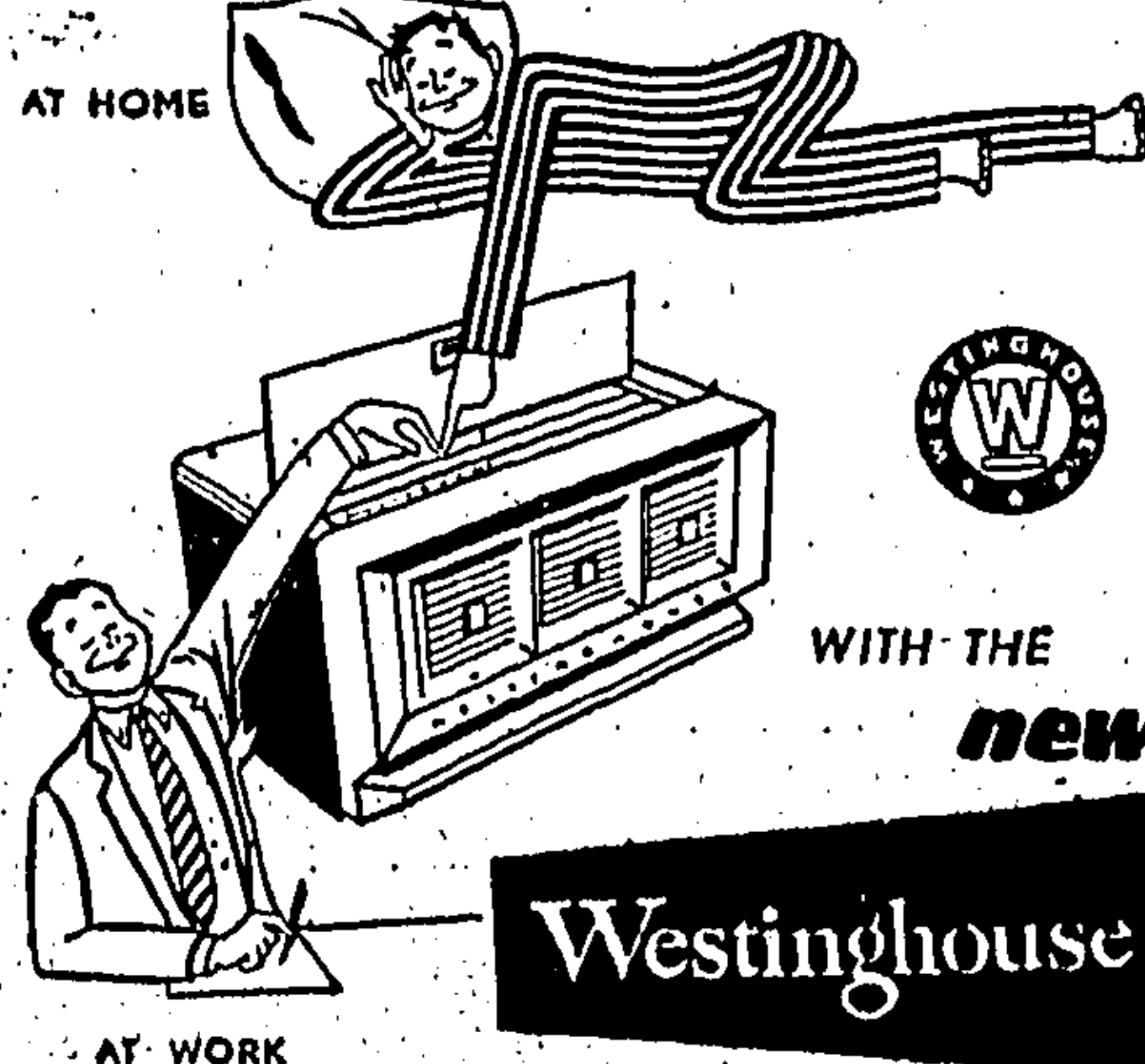
LEFT: Last Saturday's wedding at St Joseph's Church of Mr Maurice Edmund Kelly and Miss Mary Elizabeth Maguire. (Staff Photographer)

THE boys and girls who took part in the grand judo exhibition held at the Mauricio College of Physical Education last week to commemorate its 30th anniversary.



BELOW: Dr. Jimmy Lim and Miss Clara Wong pictured with friends after their marriage at St Teresa's Church last Saturday. The bridegroom comes from Penang. After the wedding, a reception was held at the Miramar Hotel. (Staff Photographer)

Make your own Weather!

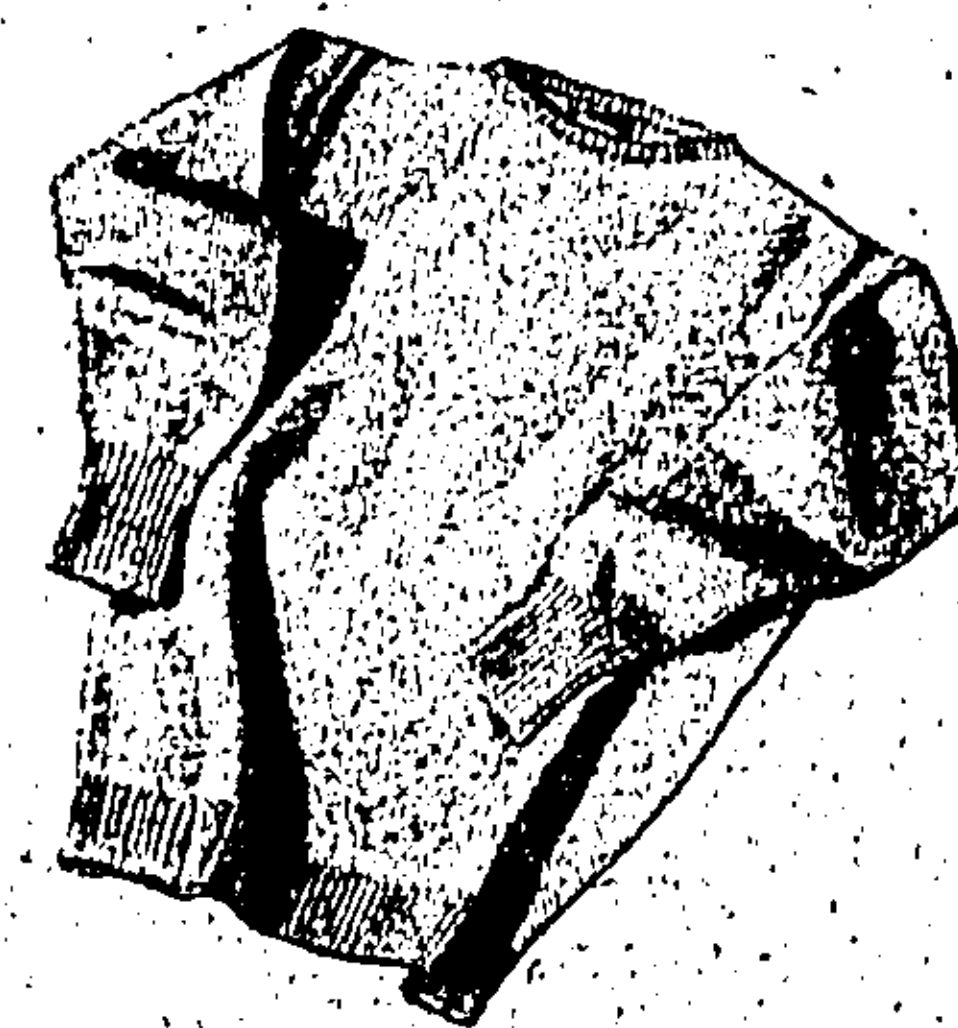


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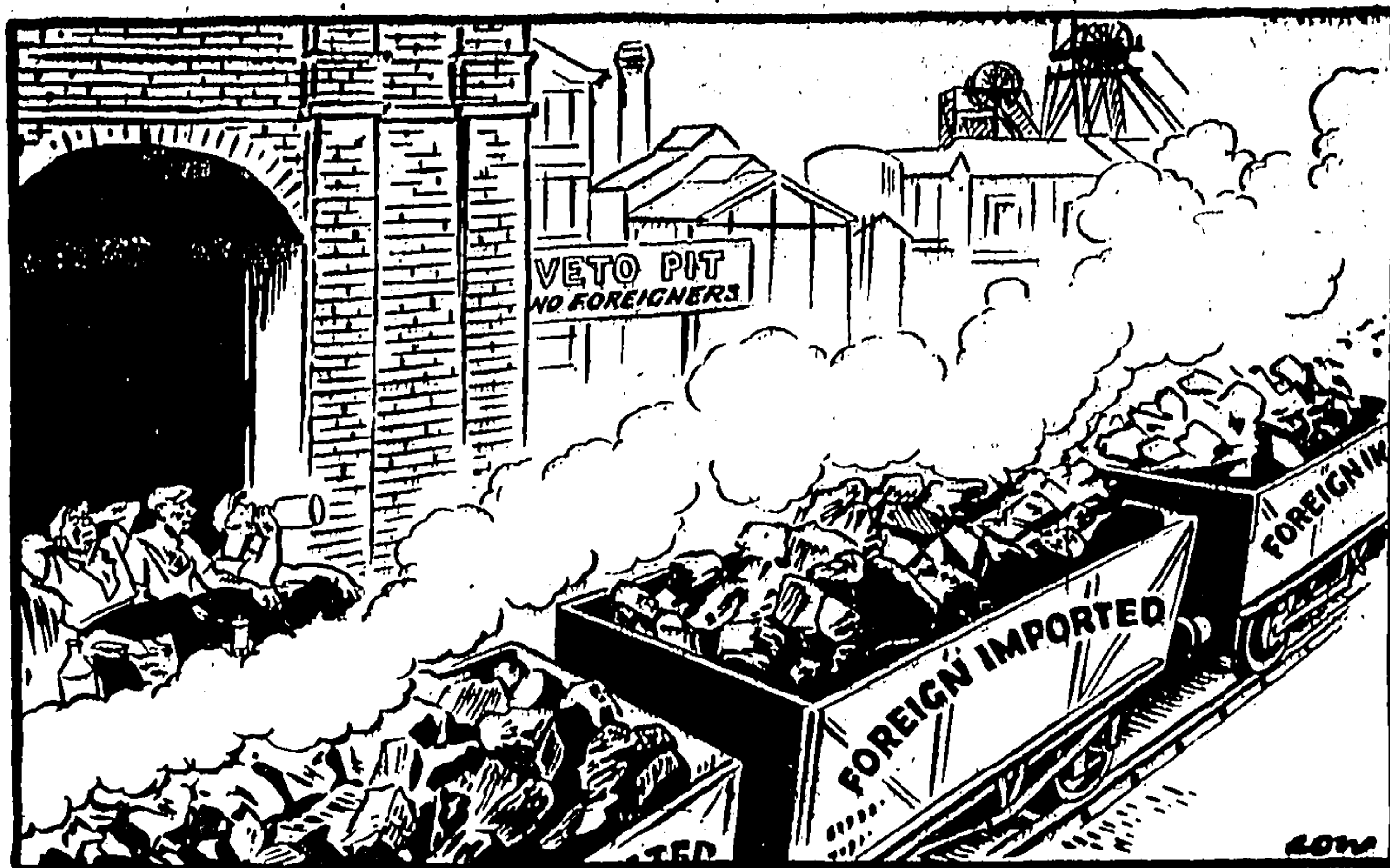
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FROM ALLEN SOLLY

—WORTH A STROKE A HOLE ON A COLD DAY. NAVY BLUE AND BEIGE.

MACKINTOSH'S



"AH, BUT THEIR COAL DON'T TALK FUNNY"

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They Hear What The Engines Are Saying

By SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

London. It is difficult to write with a stiff neck. Worse than that it is difficult to look upon the world with that detachment that is essential to the contemporary observer of events.

The fault is with my son who is so air-minded that he feels a sense of shame if he takes a train or a ship for a journey. Therefore, it was not surprising when he informed me that we were going to the opening day of the Air Display at Farnborough.

I explained that there was so much to do and so little time to do it in. His reply was: "We take off in half an hour."

Thus, in half an hour, we did set out in his car for the opening day of the great display. The countryside was misty with a drizzling rain and I suggested that flying would be impossible or at any rate invisible. He replied: "It will clear about two P.M. Emma." Which I gathered was the Morse Code for two P.M.

And so it proved. On arrival he promptly disappeared and I wandered down the run-away to watch the take-off as, at the shortest of intervals, each winged miracle followed another.

One four-engined monster, the size of a destroyer, required a run of only a hundred yards for it to be airborne. Even an earth-bound creature like myself could realise what that can mean in our far off, undeveloped Colonial Territories. For that matter it must be of equal importance to aerodromes in cities such as Paris, London and New York.

In swift order the planes soared into the air and my head went back so that I could follow their ascent. For something like four hours I gazed upwards and then we drove back home.

Next morning a hastily summoned masseur felt my neck and said: "It is as hard as Nelson's monument." In fact it was absolutely agony to turn it half an inch. It was almost worn to a shadow by the time he had restored my neck to even an elementary manoeuvrability. "You should have stayed back," said my son. "You weren't watching a horse race on the radio."

Among the friends that I saw there was Lord Brabazon. It seems incredible but he is the holder of flying certificate No. 1. In case you do not know what that means let me explain that he holds the first flying certificate ever issued in Great Britain.

That historic flight was achieved in a fantastic machine of struts and string and wires. It probably rose as high as five hundred feet and may have travelled as much as a mile. There was no cabin or cockpit. Moore Brabazon, as he was then, sat on a tiny seat in the open and watched the miracle of the earth receding from a machine heavier than air.

Yet he is reluctant to fly in a modern air liner. "I hear too well what the engines are saying," he once told me. Oddly enough Lord Brabazon's son, Group-Captain Max Aitken, who was one of the bravest of the Battle of Britain pilots, hates to travel on a modern airliner. Like Lord Brabazon, he knows what the engines are saying.

Many years ago I had an experience which is utterly unimportant but might be of some passing interest in the matter of flying psychology. I was on a speaking tour, accompanied by my wife, and had spoken on this particular day at a luncheon in Chicago. My next engagement was a luncheon speech in far off Montreal which meant that we would have to take a plane from Chicago at 8 p.m. Unfortunately, the clouds thickened, the rain began to drizzle, and we had hardly soared into the air when we heard on the loud speaker that all further flights had been cancelled.

The visibility was practically nil and all we could see from the portholes was a clammy, wet clinging mist. The plane tried to land at Detroit but could not manage it, so we crossed the Canadian border and came down at Sarnia.

The weather was a little better there so we took off for Toronto where we would arrive in plenty of time to catch the overnight train, complete with sleeping cars, for Montreal.

In due course the usual instructions appeared on the illuminated panel: "Fasten safety belts." "No smoking." Thank heaven the flight was ending and we would soon be asleep in the security and comfort of a sleeping compartment of an earth-bound train.

It is always a pleasant feeling as the aeroplane engines reduce their roar and the plane waits its way downwards as though undecided whether to land or change its mind and stay in the air. At last we had penetrated the murky clouds and could see the brightly lit aerodrome calling us to safety and rest.

Then there was an angry roar of the engines and up we soared into the blackness of the clouds. Six times the pilot attempted the landing and six times he swerved into the clouds.

"Attention please," it was the calm voice of the pilot. "Visibility is too low to come down in Toronto. We shall go on to Ottawa and arrangements will be made for hotel accommodation for all passengers." Now it is one thing for a ship at sea to slow down or even stop in a fog but an aeroplane

whatever the weather, must maintain a flying speed. It really was a horrible feeling as the plane crawled upwards and turned its nose eastwards through the clinging moist clouds.

"I shall never fly again as long as I live," said my wife. "Never, never, never."

On we went, on and on. Then with a complete anti-climax we came down at Ottawa where there were clear skies. It was about 2 a.m. and there was a bus to take us to our hotel.

"There's a plane over there that is going to Montreal," said the pilot. "If you're speaking there tomorrow why not take it and have a good night's rest?" I looked at my wife. "Let's go!" she said and words to that effect. And thus we flew to Montreal and slept like tired children in a very hotel where I am due to speak at noon.

That was the only thing to do. To live happily one must be a fatalist. To live in fear is not to live at all. Nevertheless I did not enjoy those six attempts to land at Toronto.

Since then we have flown thousands and thousands of miles yet I must confess to a slight jolt when last winter we were staying with Earl Ranfurly at Government House in the Bahamas.

One day he said: "I have chartered two flying boats and we shall spend the week-end visiting some of the islands where the natives have never seen the Governor or any representative of the Royal Family."

We were a house party of six, and husbands and wives were divided so that they would not be in the same plane. And when I saw the planes I understood.

It was night time and as we neared the Lisbon harbour the pilot asked, and received, the all clear to come down on the water. Slowly, gracefully, like an adagio dancer the plane weaved its way downwards through the clouds.

Then there was a sudden roar of engines and we zoomed upwards again. The captain had just spotted the lights of a ship in time. The harbour had not been cleared at all. The Portuguese were profuse in their apologies when, an hour later, we were able to find enough clear water and come to rest.

And now I have a stiff neck from watching planes hurt themselves through the air faster than sound, swifter than imagination itself.

But it was good to see my old friend Moore-Brabazon again and to think that it was because of crazy loons like him that we have emulated the angels and the eagles by giving ourselves wings.

(COPYRIGHT)

YES, THERE IS LIFE ON MARS

By HENRY LOWRIE

Washington. MARS is not a dead world. Proof has been captured in pictures taken by an American-organised expedition to South Africa.

A huge blue-green area, believed to be living vegetation, has been discovered from the photographs.

The vegetation covers 200,000 square miles of Mars, more than twice the area of Britain (89,000 square miles).

The surprise of the expedition in making its discovery is disclosed by the National Geographic Society, which, with the Lowell Observatory, organised and paid for the South African trip.

The society said that the discovery meant the greatest change in the geography of Mars.

There was just the pilot and no one else. The plane itself looked like a Heath Robinson contrivance with strings attached to strange levers and instruments. The pilot of my plane was about fifty years of age and looked a jolly fellow. "All set?" he asked. And off we went. But it was a comforting thought that if the strings broke or the engine failed we could come down on the water.

In fact I have never understood why the flying boat has passed from favour. I flew the Atlantic twice during the Hitler war in a flying boat. We did not have to bother about aerodromes.

Think what a vast saving of land there would be if flying boats were the normal means of world travel. Yet coming back in a flying boat in 1941 from New York where I had been on a special mission we had a somewhat startling experience.

It was night time and as we neared the Lisbon harbour the pilot asked, and received, the all clear to come down on the water. Slowly, gracefully, like an adagio dancer the plane weaved its way downwards through the clouds.

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HOW'S YOUR APPETITE?

CHAPMAN PINCHER reports surprising news about the food you eat

HAVE you noticed that there are some days when you are ravenously hungry for no apparent reason?

You have not done anything particularly energetic, yet no sooner have you finished one meal than you are almost ready for the next.

On the other hand there are days when you have worked exceptionally hard yet by the evening you are "too tired to eat."

Medical Research Council doctors have just discovered why—after a bout of heavy work or exercise it usually takes two days before your appetite starts urging you to eat extra food to make up for the energy you expended.

So the effort spent in Sunday's gardening does not make you feel specially hungry until Tuesday. And it is usually on Wednesday that the housewife feels a need to make up energy used on Monday washday.

This two-day time-lag was discovered during research on appetites of cadets at Sandhurst, the Army's officer school near Camberley in Surrey.

Cadets were chosen for the experiment for three reasons. It was easy to find 12 men who were all almost exactly the same age, weight, and build. Because of the light training schedule the men did almost exactly the same amount of work and exercise.

Surprise Finding

The disciplined life made it possible to measure everything the men ate and drank during the two weeks they were watched.

The scientists, led by Dr. Otto Edholm, used ingenious devices to measure how much energy each man expended in different tasks.

Their most surprising finding was the enormous difference in the amount of energy used by the men at almost identical build doing the same job in exactly the same way.

Thus, in military marching, when men were walking at the same speed and with the same swing of the limbs, it was found

that one cadet used nearly 70 percent more energy than another did.

In climbing stairs at normal speed one man used twice as much energy as another.

Even when the energy output of cadets was measured while they were standing, sitting, or lying, scientists found differences.

These results must mean that some people do the ordinary things of life such as walking, running, or even sitting with much less expenditure of energy than others. Their bodies are more efficient machines.

As the scientists expected, the men who used large quantities of energy had excessive appetites while those who did their work economically ate much more sparingly.

Storing Food

Thus one man consistently ate about 1,000 calories a day—almost 40 percent more food than another man of similar build who was doing the same work.

So it seems that some people are born with body "engines" which do far more "miles to the gallon" than others.

These findings explain why some people can be active yet eat little food.

They also explain why some people put on weight although they eat no more than others. Their bodies are more efficient and they store excess food they do not need as fat.

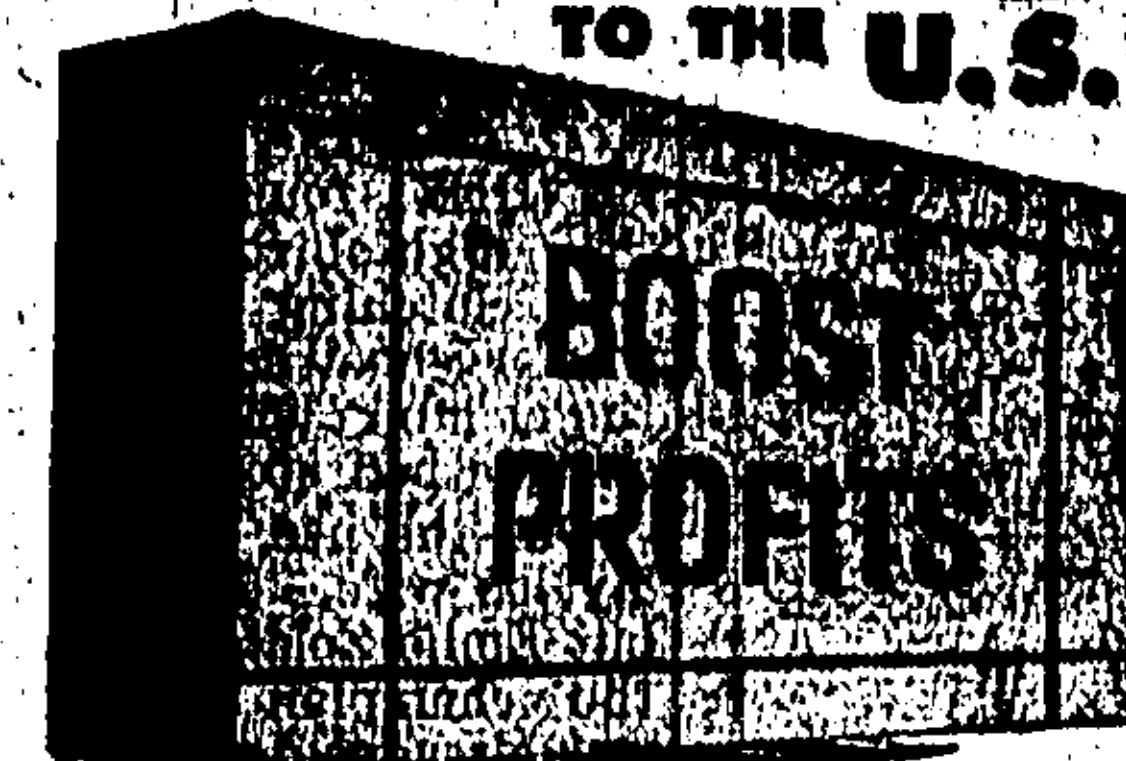
On the other hand some people never put on weight however much they eat. They use so much energy doing their day's work that there is never any surplus to affect weight.

It seems certain that these findings must also apply to children. So they answer the worried mother's question: "How does Johnny manage to be so energetic when he eats so little?"

If Johnny is healthy in other ways the truth is simply that he is using his energy better than the over-hungry boy next door.

Foodstuffs for old people: The scientists' measurements showed that arms drill uses considerably more energy per minute than quick marching, but standing at attention uses only 15 percent more than standing at ease. (COPYRIGHT)

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POCKET CARTOON
By OSBERT LANCASTER

A STARTLING NEW THEORY QUESTIONS THE STRANGE DEATH OF THE NOVELIST WHO SHOCKED THE WORLD

WAS HE MURDERED?

By ROBERT PITMAN

THEY found him in his nightshirt, hands clutching towards the window, head lolling against the dais on which the huge antique bed stood.

On the bed, unconscious, lay his wife. She revived, but Emile Zola, the novelist, the champion of Dreyfus, was already dead, poisoned by coal fumes from a blocked chimney.

More than 50 years have passed — years crammed with

talk about Zola. In 1908 his body was dug up for a second funeral, and attended by the French President and Premier (a more Minister of Education had graced the first).

In the 1930's film-actor Paul Muni, who had shaved off his hair for *The Good Earth* and donned whiskers to play Louis Pasteur, took fresh whiskers for *The Life of Emile Zola*. The film, banned by Daladier in France, won wild acclaim everywhere else.

Even last year Zola was still news. Six British printers in turn refused to print uncensored copies of his stories.

And now the most startling of all items about Zola comes to Britain. A new book brings evidence that his death was not an accident but murder.

The episode until now has been played down by Zola fans. Understandably—for it is strongly tinged with anti-climax. So are his last words ("We must have eaten something that disagreed with us... perhaps some fresh air will do us good").

And a taste of anti-climax flavoured most of the Zola drama.

★ ★ ★

His father was Italian, an engineer who romantically joined the Foreign Legion.

He fell in love with the wife of a German N.C.O. named Fischer. When she left Algiers Zola saw, an officer, hurried himself into the sea after her boat, was dragged out still murmuring "Fischer, Fischer." Then, less romantically, it was found that he had been borrowing Legion funds on Frau Fischer's behalf. He left the Legion for France.

There, after starting a canal near Aix, he died of pneumonia, leaving nothing to his widow and little Emile except the excavations.

Unlike papa Emile climbed from poverty to lofty success. The reward of dreamy genius? Much more of unremitting toil, of sharp business sense.

Said Zola: "I took a nail and hammered it one centimetre deep into the public consciousness. Then drove it in two centimetres deep. The hammer I use is Press

advertising, and I do my own for all my books."

And there were other ham-mers at hand. Zola even arranged for cigar lighters in the tobacconists' shops to be fashioned with the titles of his coming novels.

The writing, too, was done on business lines. For his novel *Nana*, the story of a courtesan, he lobbied stiff with cold after Nana's real-life colleagues on the beat in order to make jottings. And when the celebrated Lucie Levy admitted him to her boudoir she found herself dictating notes on cosmetics until four in the morning. ("A hare's foot is used for rouge. You put it on with your finger then spread it with the foot.")

Nana was not the only Zola novel with a daring theme. His early realism stirred shocked protests even in France. In England juriesmen stepped their cars when his books were quoted at an obscenity trial.

But here the Zola paradox obtrudes again. Unlike his novels his life was chaotic to the point of dullness. He looked stolid. As success swelled, his waistline expanded to 40 inches. And Coco, his wife, took to buying huge quantities of linen and antiques.

Then Zola's friends noticed a change. His stomach shrank. He lost two stone, in a year. He dipped his beard to a jaunty sprout and began sweetening his breath with cucumber mints. The conclusion was obvious. For Emile romance had arrived at last.

It had arrived, to be precise, with Jeanne Rozeot, a pretty servant girl with pointed ears who sang endlessly as she folded Coco's linen. For love of Jeanne Zola took to a starch-free diet, with no liquids except hot tea. Oddly, he imposed the diet on Coco too, but she grew even fatter on it while he shrank.

Zola took long bicycle rides with Jeanne on the new patent pneumatic tyres. He installed her in a nearby house. But

though Jeanne bore him two children he did not leave Coco. On the sly, however, through binoculars from his study, he would watch his children at play.

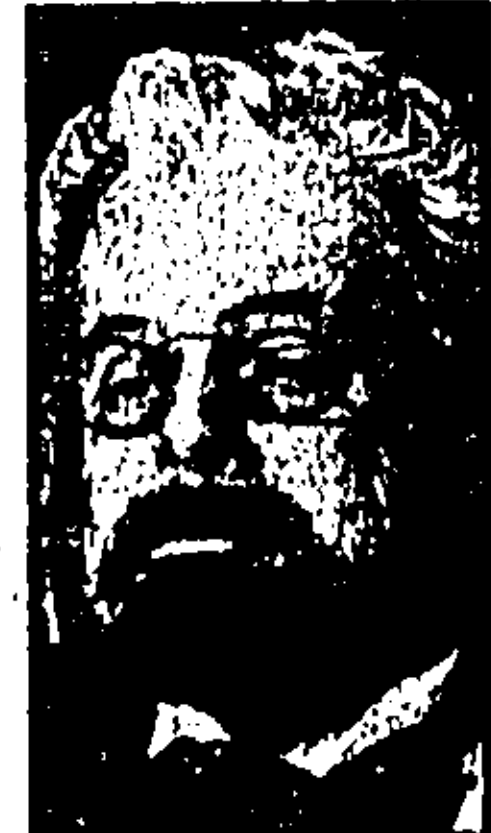
Over this Indian summer in Zola's life broke a bitter storm. He learned that a Jewish officer, named Dreyfus, had been sent to Devil's Island as a convicted spy. He studied the case and realised that Dreyfus was innocent. His duty was plain.

★ ★ ★

The country was burning with anti-Semitic fever, yet he demanded justice for Dreyfus. Knowing that arrest would follow he buried his manifesto, *L'Accuse*, at the General Staff.

It was one of the world's great acts. Zola's big moments, however, were liable to be dogged by fate.

Years before, on the death of his idol Flaubert, author of *Madame Bovary*, he had gone to the funeral with bursting heart.



Zola—as Paul Muni saw him

But Flaubert's coffin was too long for the grave, the workmen's grunts mingled with the mourning. Zola rushed from the scene leaving the coffin half-wedged in its hole.

And now—forced into exile for the sake of Dreyfus—Zola forgot to take a change of clothes. Sporting the Legion of Honour, but knowing no English, he stood in a draper's in St James's pointing to his ankles in a hopeless attempt to buy socks.

Later, under the alias of Richard Rogers, he wrote home complaining about English boiled puddings, about English shirts ("hideous"), about the death of his dog Pimpin.

Exile and English puddings may not have been the worst Zola suffered on behalf of Dreyfus. His new biographer explains in detail why we may think that an anti-Dreyfus "fanatic" deliberately blocked the chimney which caused Zola's death.

But chimney-sweeps will probably still prefer the verdict of the French police in 1902: "Blockage caused by too infrequent sweeping."

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

STRIKING SHOW

The Philharmonia Society cannot pass by a matchbox without first making sure that it is one they already have among their collection of matchbox labels and booklets—are in London in search of more labels. At a Bloomsbury hotel they held their annual exhibition of the British Matchbox Label and Booklet Society. This was followed by an auction of labels.

In this year's sale there was a number of Russian labels, and Mr J. M. Ford, the Society's secretary, whose own collection totals many thousands, says that although this is not the first time that Russian labels have been offered for sale, they have never been as plentiful as now. "More Russian matchboxes seem to be available nowadays and the labels are much sought after," he said.

He reports that the older British, Austrian and Japanese labels are becoming more difficult to find, but a recent flood of Czech labels has spoiled the value of earlier Czech examples.

TAX MAN COMPLAINS

In the U.S., as everywhere else in the world, tax-dodging is a kind of sport. Not big-time tax dodging, of course, but the little stuff like elaborate expense accounts which drop you nicely from one tax bracket to the next.

U.S. law provides a stiff penalty for anyone who "willfully avoids" tax payn nt—Five years in prison, a \$10,000 fine, or both.

But Chief Tax Collector T. Coleman Andrews had a complaint this week: the courts just aren't sending people to jail.

Andrews' men rounded up 700 alleged tax delinquents last year. Just six got the five-year maximum.

A little while ago a judge in Virginia arrived at work to find himself faced with the trial of a whole line of people rounded up by Andrews' men. But he had to adjourn the hearings first—so he could go and pay his own back taxes, several hundred dollars' worth.

The evasion figures have been going up steadily over the years. And no wonder. In 1915, a single man who earned \$10,000 would have paid just \$70. This year he will pay \$2,728.

In some brackets, you come close to losing money on the deal. The U.S. citizen who earns \$500,000 pays \$436,164 and with the high cost of manipulating money, the mil-

lionaire my, you come out in the red.

Anyhow, it seems hard to get judges to take a very serious view of the business and Mr Andrews figures that the U.S. may very well become another France unless something is done.

TINFOIL TOWN

St Edmunds, Suffolk, have formed a "tinfoil trust" to raise money for a guide dog for a 32-year-old blind telephonist. Their objective is five and a half tons of tinfoil.

When they have it Miss Dorothy Cook, who operates the switchboard at the local office of the Ministry of Labour, will have "eyes" to guide her once again. Miss Cook lost her sight ten years ago. Every day she travels to work by bus.

Now workmen are hoarding the silver paper from their cigarette packets, school children are saving their sweet

wrappings, and housewives are contributing milk bottle tops to the "tinfoil trust." So far about £25 has been collected.

SIZE OF With less and less NYLONS shopping days to go until Christmas, potential male customers have been given a good tip by a nylon stocking manufacturer in London.

"Men who don't know their wives' or girl friends' stocking size should take note that English women are taller than they used to be. If you don't know the size, state the height," he said.

"Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it always fits." Biggest demand today from the majority of medium-sized women is for nine and a half to ten and ten and a half. Once an eleven-inch stocking was very rare indeed but now shops are getting used to being asked for this size almost as much as they do for the smallest size which is eight and a half.

FATHER TUCKER PLANS TO SAVE A MONARCH

From SAM WHITE

A ROSY CREEKED

Monte Carlo. A jovial Roman Catholic priest has come up with a shrewd plan which may save Prince Rainier III from having his wings clipped as absolute monarch of Monaco by a current scandal in the principality.

At present the 32-year-old Prince finds himself in trouble with his normally rubber-stamp "Parliament" of 18 members. Eleven of them have resigned in protest against his reinstatement of two privy councillors, who were dismissed after they had been publicly accused of speculating with Treasury funds in a Monte Carlo commercial television company.

COLLAPSE OF A BANK

Other consequences of this alleged speculation have been the collapse of a Monte Carlo bank and the arrest of its Greek director, an old friend of the Prince.

Rainier is at present on a Mediterranean cruise in his yacht and showing no inclination to return to face as big a storm as 3,000 Monaco citizens, including 904 male voters, can create. Before Rainier left, however, Father Tucker, his Vatican-trained chaplain, expected a promise from the Prince that next November Rainier would go on a prolonged visit to the United States.

WITH A BRIDE?

Father Tucker reasons that with Rainier on a visit to America—and with consequent hopes that he may return with a bride—the present disputes will simmer down. Meanwhile Monaco will be administered by a universally respected "older statesman," 70-year-old lawyer, Maître Aureglia.

Father Tucker, who is in his sixties, was suggested to Rainier as his Chaplain by Cardinal Spellman, of New York. Since then Tucker has proved himself an astute clerical politician with a sound appreciation of worldly realities. It was he who was largely instrumental in breaking off Rainier's only romance, that with French actress Giselaine Pascal.

MALE HEIR

Under France's Treaty of Protection with Monaco, if there is no direct male heir to the succession, Monaco comes directly under French administration. This gives Rainier a power which no absolute monarch has ever had before. He merely has to threaten to abdicate to confront his subjects with the choice: A tax-free paradise under my rule or taxation and military service under the French.

Rainier himself is a man of strange attractions. Outwardly he is the romantic embodiment of the gay handsome Prince with a passion for dangerous sports like deep sea fishing, motor-racing, and big game hunting. There is, however, another Rainier, who is timid, morose, suspicious, and with an obstinacy born of uncertain judgment.

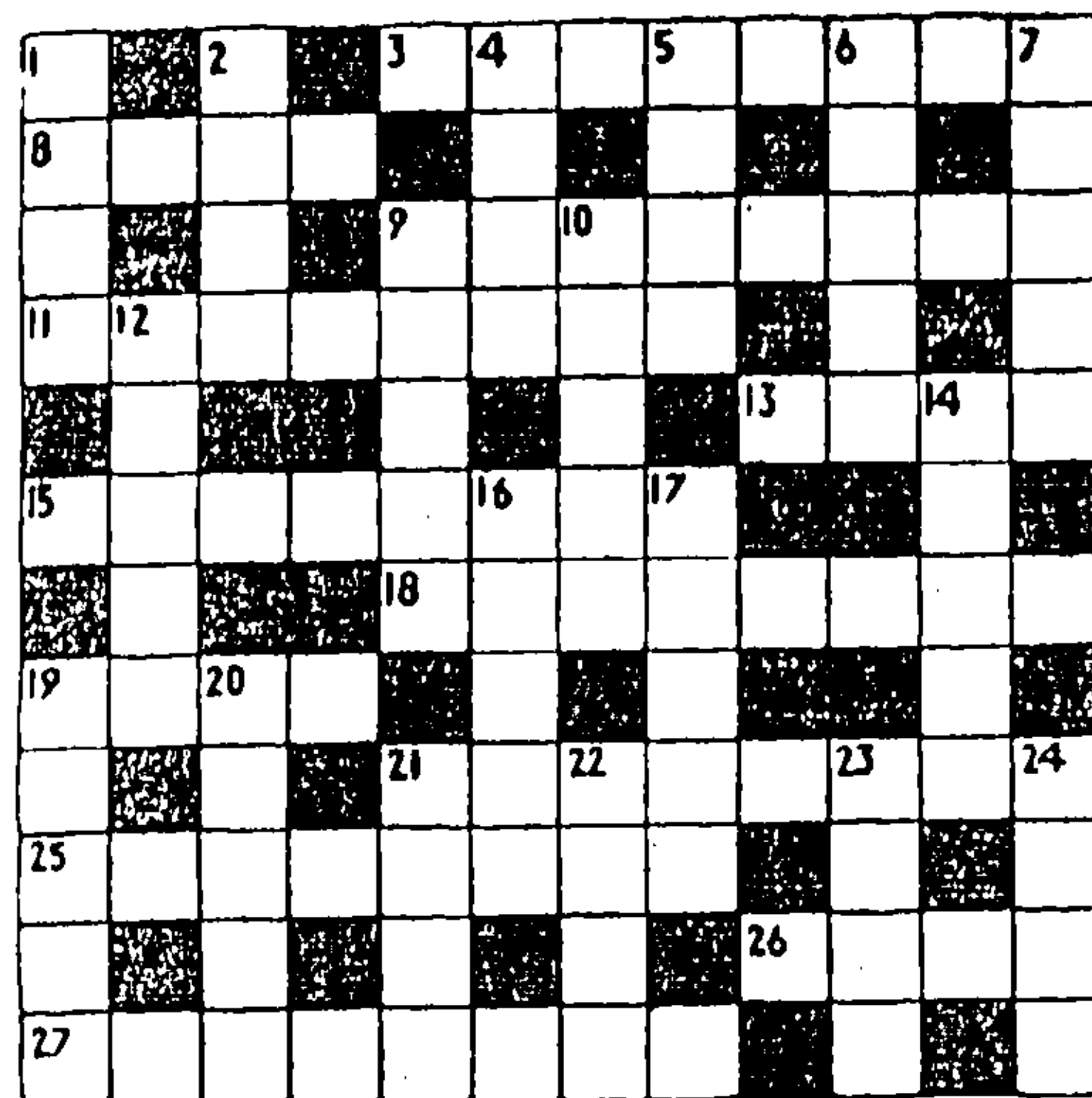
INDECISION

His indecision is the despair of officials. "He seems always to accept the viewpoint of the last person he has spoken to," says one. In the French Foreign Office the papers dealing with Monaco's affairs are said to occupy more space than there is devoted to Anglo-French relations. He has a feeble capacity for friendship, and his circle of friends is limited to a few former schoolboy acquaintances. With an annual tax-free civil list of £70,000 he remains constantly in need of ready cash largely because of his expensive hobbies: like the maintenance of three yachts, 13 cars and two zoos.

SO CHARMING

Nothing illustrates the somewhat Ruritanian character of Monaco better than Monte Carlo's charming prison. It is located at the end of a winding path running through a public garden and is tucked away discreetly rather in the manner of public conveniences in British Public Parks. There is a homely courtyard with a warden's wife busy cooking for the prisoners and the prison has accommodation for 30 with all cells commanding a magnificent view. Equally incongruous is the outward appearance of Mr Lambert's bank, which, with its stone front, looks rather like a Bay of water boarding-house.

A British Crossword Puzzle



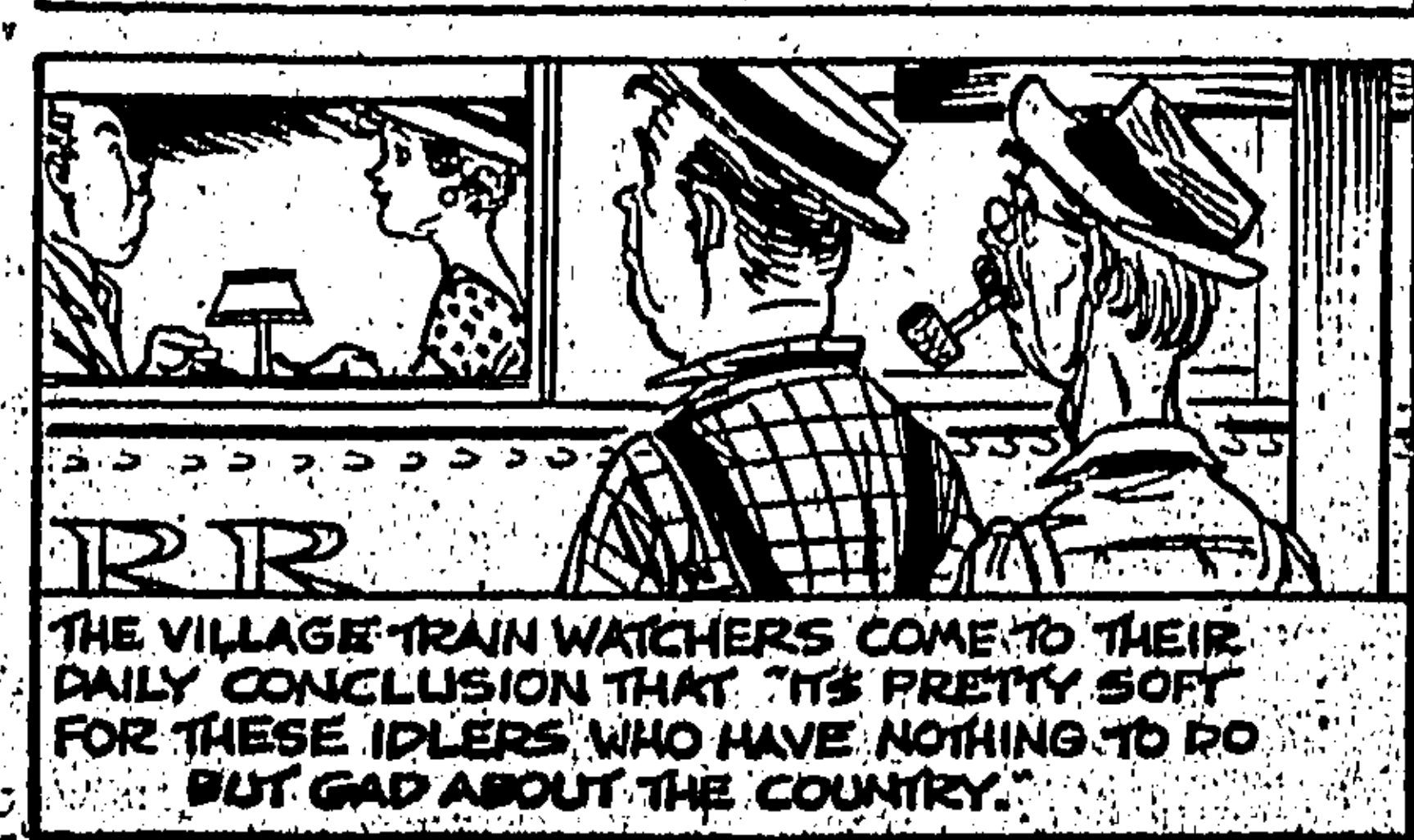
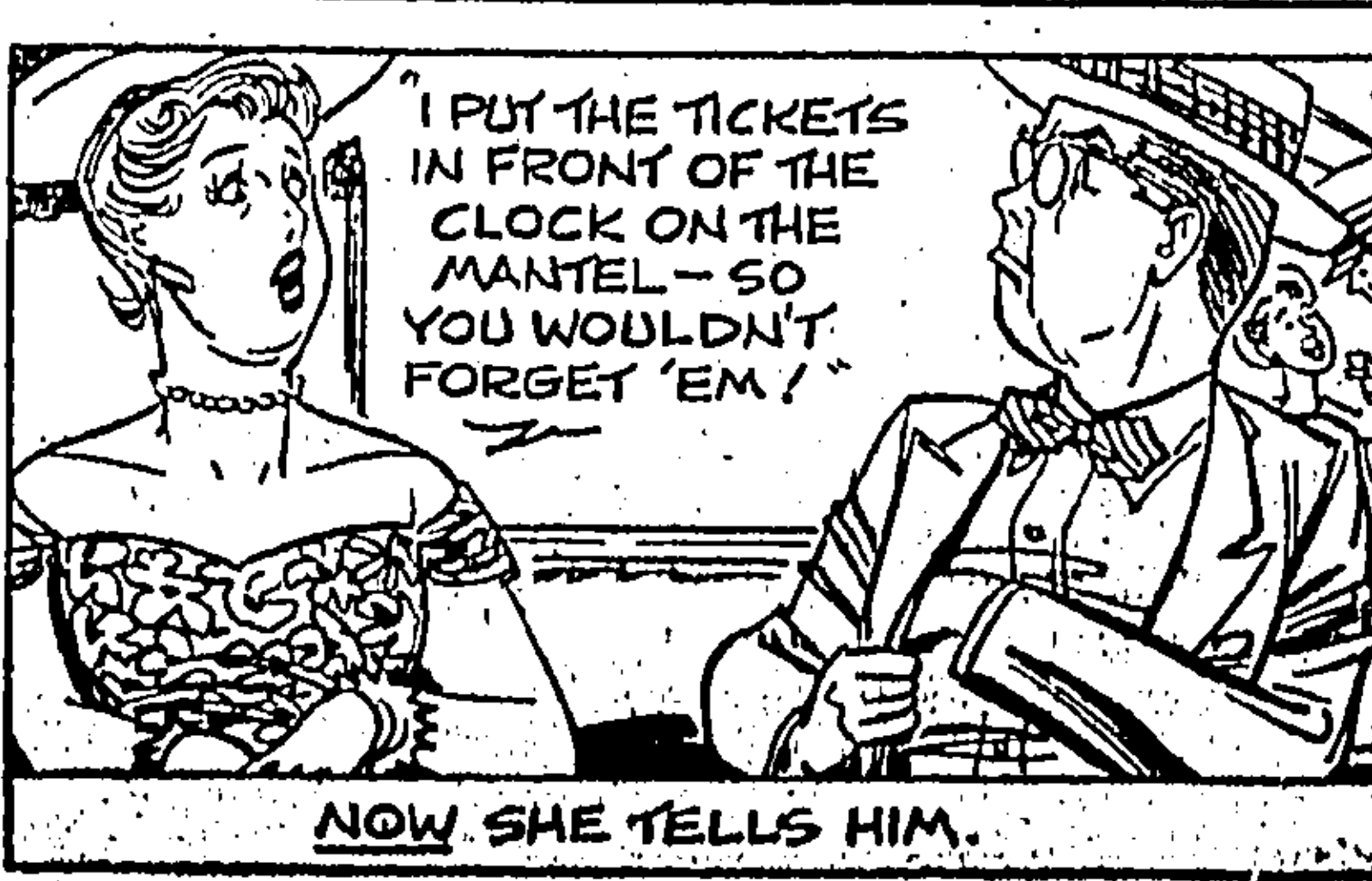
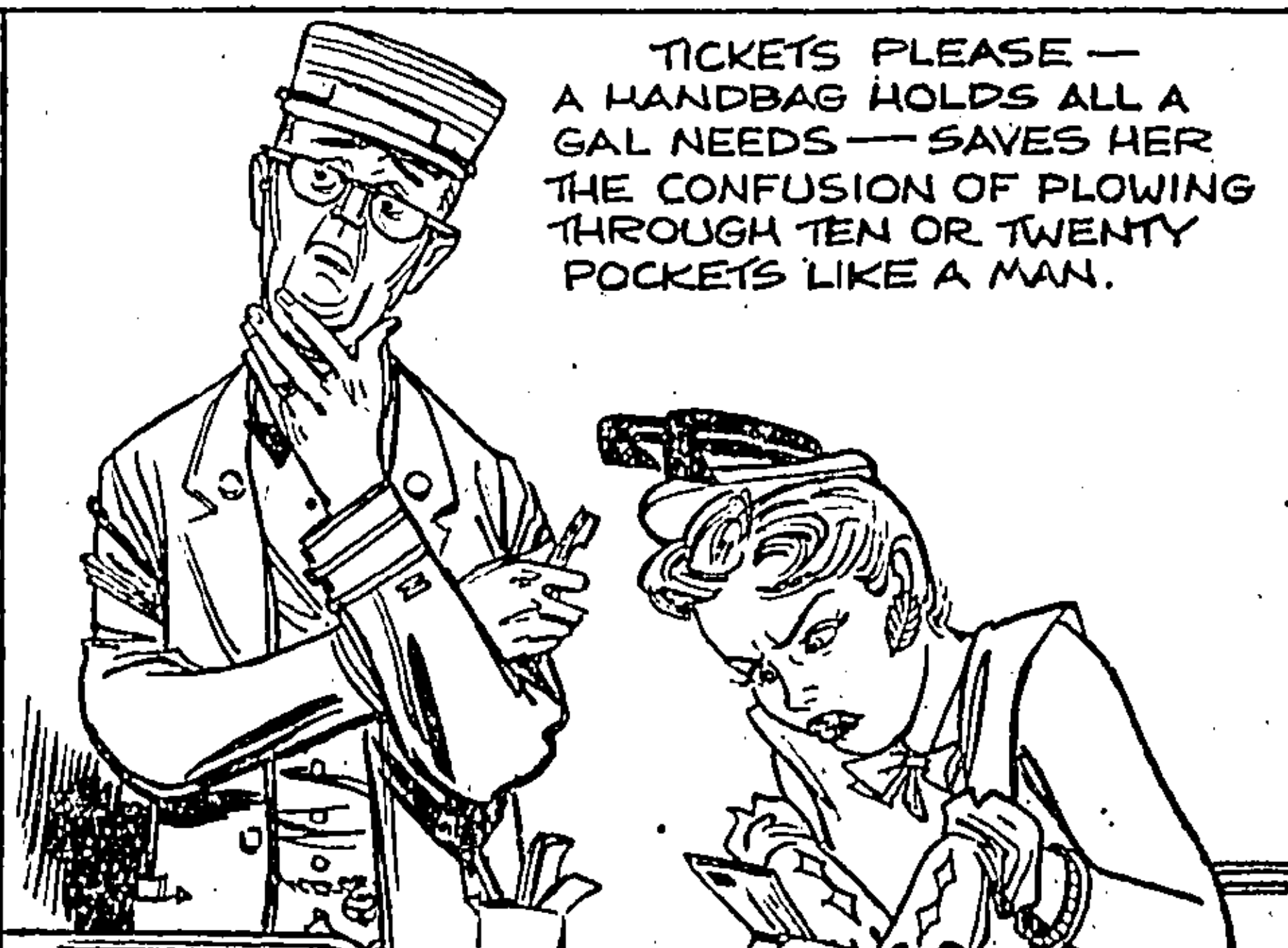
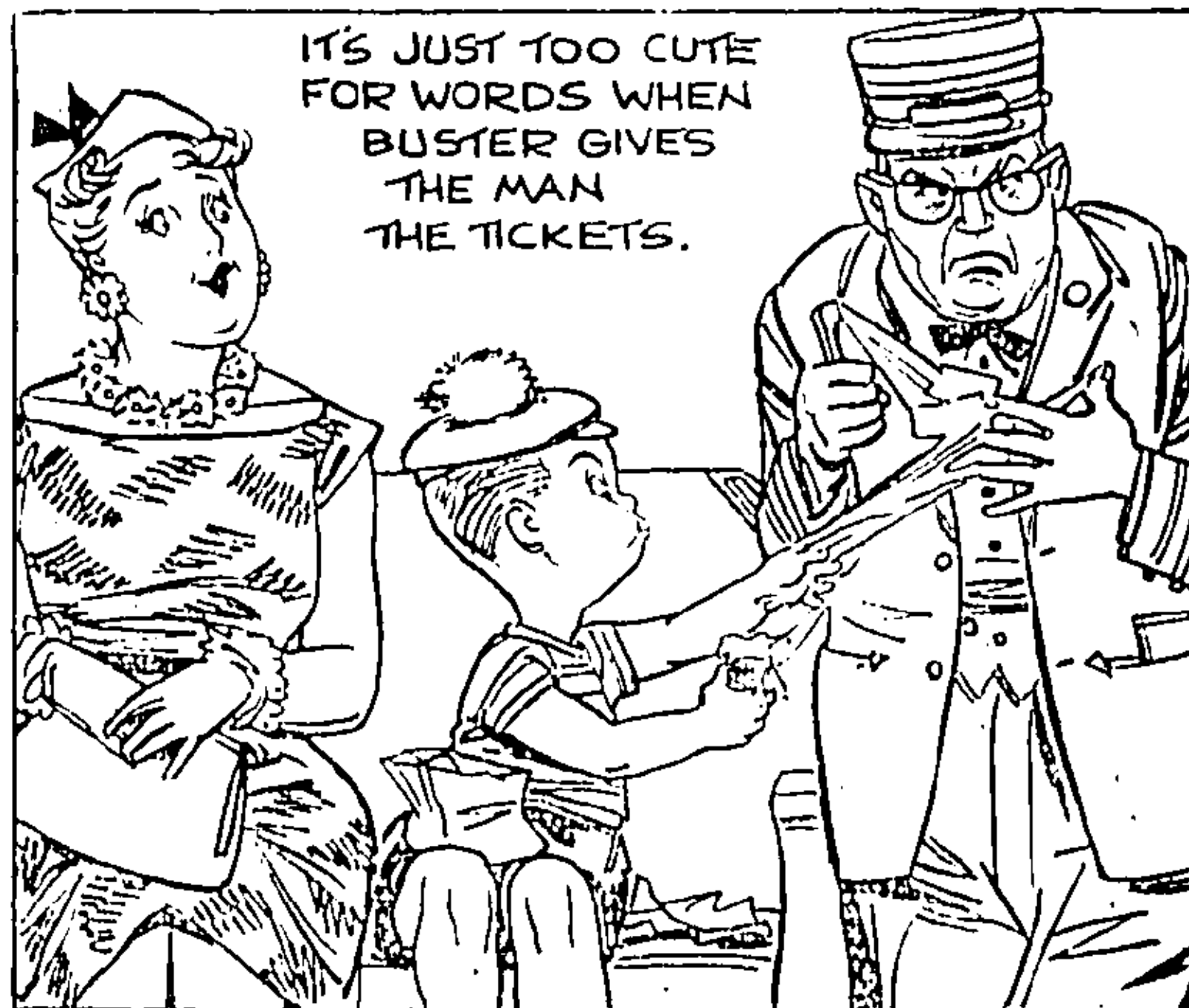
- ACROSS
1. Hides (8).
 4. Leaves out (4).
 9. Baritone cheer (8).
 11. Lifted (8).
 13. Job (4).
 15. Exhausted (8).
 18. Greeting ceremoniously (8).
 19. Experiment (4).
 21. Interfered with (8).
 23. Limits (8).
 26. Send out (4).
 27. Trampling (8).
- DOWN
2. Ashtide (4).
 3. Heap (4).
 5. Way out (4).
 6. Regretted (4).
 7. Teacher (5).
 8. Piece torn off (5).
 10. Appointments (5).
 12. Drive back (5).
 14. Vessel (5).
 16. Unit of weight (5).
 17. American dandies (5).
 18. Implied (5).
 20. Scorch (5).
 22. Look after (4).
 24. Spare (4).
 25. Volume (4).
 27. Tax (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1. Precious, 4. Types, 7. Obdurate, 9. Most, 11. Delight, 13. Langens, 15. Slender, 17. Buile, 19. Chair, 19. Utter, 21. 20. Enact, 21. Roster. Down: 1. Flood, 2. Grade, 3. Startle, 4. Tremor, 6. Foul, 8. Stiles, 10. Feature, 12. Arbitrator, 13. Scene, 14. Denial, 16. 17. Racer.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

All Aboard!

BY HARRY WEINERT



LEARN YOUR CRICKET

THREE WAYS TO
BECOME A
BETTER BATSMAN

Every cricketer, schoolboy or club man, wants to improve his game. Here to help you do just that is the first in a special China Mail series of coaching articles, taken from "How to Play Cricket," produced for the MCC.

To play any stroke successfully, a batsman must do three things: watch the ball, decide the right stroke to play, and make his body play that stroke correctly.

The first sounds easy, but in fact, it is not. To build up the habit of watching, really watching, every ball in an innings, is very hard work. You can do it only by learning to concentrate your mind and will on the job in hand.

It is really a challenge to character, but if you can learn to meet it, it will stand you in good stead in cricket and in life.

To decide correctly what stroke to play to any particular ball is partly instinct (or what is called "ball sense") but mainly experience.

In batting, as in everything else, some learn more quickly than others. But the more you try to analyse your own batting—the strokes that went right and the wrong—the sooner you will build up the judgment that will instinctively tell you how to deal with any ball.

Training

The third element of batting, the production of the right stroke, is purely physical. But this too means hard work. Your body must be trained to make movements which are not natural, especially in what is really the basis of all good batting—learning to play straight.

The natural movement of the body is forwards and "full-chested," while to play straight it must move sideways, and keep sideways.

Again, in hitting with two hands it is natural for the right or lower hand to do nearly all the work. But in straight-bat strokes, the left, or top hand, must be in control.

If then you really mean to become a batsman, you must first learn what your body must do to play a particular stroke. Then, by going on playing it, groove your body into the movement, so what was at first unnatural and difficult becomes natural and automatic.

Practice ... Practice

Practice is everything. You can do a great deal even with one friend and a rubber ball, to "groove" any stroke. If you are keen enough you can do much by yourself—without a ball.

You can practise swinging the bat with the left hand only, for the more you strengthen your left hand, the more power you will develop in it to control all straight bat strokes.

But if you practise strokes without a ball be sure to play them each time to an imaginary ball and to "watch it all the way."

Finally, never forget in all strokes play the position and steadiness of the head is vital. If your head moves into and stays in the right position half the battle is won.

The grip

LOOK at the picture of hands gripping an axe. The grip of a bat is the same—natural, comfortable, and powerful. Finally, never forget in all strokes play the position and steadiness of the head is vital. If your head moves into and stays in the right position half the battle is won.



gors and thumbs of both hands well round the handle, hands touching or very close together, with the right hand a little more than half-way down the handle.

The Vc formed by thumb and forefinger should be in line with each other. The back of the left hand, if the bat is held upright, should face between mid-off and extra cover.

The stance

A COMFORTABLE, relaxed, and balanced stance is most important. On it depends the true watching of the ball and the movement of the feet for every stroke.

The feet should be roughly parallel, one on each side of the crease, with the toes pointing more or less towards point.

The weight should be evenly balanced, and the knees slightly relaxed for easy and quick movement.

The left shoulder should point at the bowler, with the body facing square to point. The head should be upright and turned full on the bowler with the eyes as level as possible. The left hand can rest comfortably against the left thigh.

As you wait for the ball, keep as still as possible. Be vigilant, but relaxed.

The back-lift

If you want to bat well, you should pick up the bat correctly, i.e., straight back to a point above the wicket. The left hand and wrist should do nearly all the work. As the bat lifts, the face should open naturally towards point.

The head and body should be kept quite still. At the top



THE BACK-LIFT. — Bat straight back above stumps.

of the lift, the right elbow should be slightly away from the body, and the left hand just opposite and above the right trouser pocket.

In attack, the back-lift will naturally tend to be higher.

Practise this back-lift in front of a mirror. By getting it right, you will have gone a long way towards learning to keep a straight bat.

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MACAU
INTERNATIONAL
MOTOR MEET

5th — 6th NOVEMBER

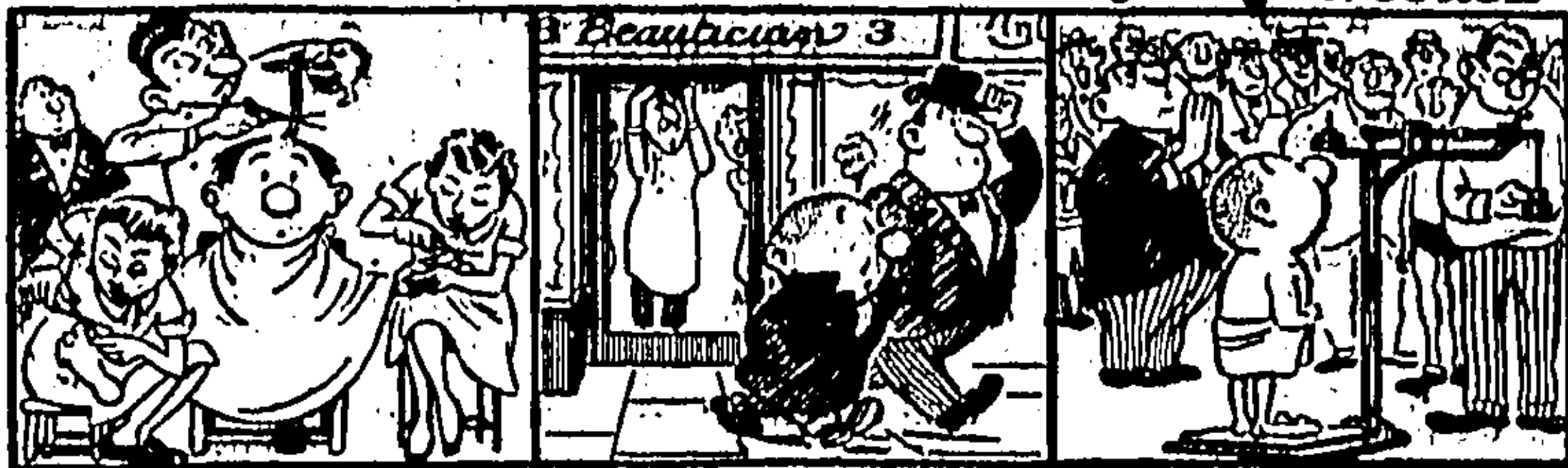
The world's fastest
sports/racing cars

FULL PROGRAMME

1st Race — 11 a.m. 5th Nov.
Grand Prix — Noon 6th Nov.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton

Pre-Match Talks Are
Vital To Build
Up Team Spirit

Says DON REVIE

It was a fine idea of the FA to call together for the trial match under floodlights on September 26 the full international XI and the Under 23s — the young stars of tomorrow. Right through the season the FA will, where possible, follow this policy.

The more they are together, the happier England's internationals will be. They will be able to build up team spirit; they will get a chance to talk about the forthcoming international — in this case, the match against Denmark — and they will be able to iron out those idiosyncracies in style which can often bewilder a team mate as much as an opponent.

The view is not shared by many of the older school. This other day a famous England player of the 1930s told me: "I can't understand why you chaps must get together before a big game. In my time we met just before the kick off and went straight out to play as the game was meant to be played. We didn't need plans—we just played football."

I respect that view, because it was up to me to get it right in those days. But who would deny that in modern times, against the well-drilled continental, it is absolutely imperative for the national side to meet several days before an international to discuss the strength and weakness of the opposition.

SO MANY STYLES

Let me speak from experience. The first time I played with Stan Matthews, in Belfast, I kept getting out of position whenever I gave the Maestro the ball. I was playing with Stan as though he were an ordinary winger.

The next time we were partners was against Scotland last April. Before that match Stan said: "If I start going outside the back, Don, you can leave me and I'll find you all right with the ball. But if I start to come inside, then I'll hold on, pull the

back with me and try to draw the wing-half as well. So you see, straight ahead and I'll push a through pass to you."

And that's how it happened. It worked because I knew just what was required of me when he had the ball.

Yet if we had not been together before the Big Match I would have tried to play an orthodox game and achieved nothing. These little chats go on between all players and getting them together before big matches gives them more chance than ever to understand each other's methods.

What so many people forget is that in English football—unlike the continental game—we have so many varying styles favoured by different clubs.

Preston, North End and Blackpool, for instance, follow the Scottish style of short passing. Newcastle use long, crossfield balls; Arsenal favour tight defence coupled with fast raids on goals by the wingers. Wolves play more short stuff than they used to, but they vary it with long passes from wing to wing.

No wonder, then, that when a player is working on one of

these patterns week in and week out, he has sometimes to alter his play slightly if he is picked for England.

That's why I hail the FA's foresight in bringing the England team together to discuss team tactics in advance.

BOLD APPROACH

This season is a testing time for the Third Divisions. Several prominent personalities in the game have declared firmly that the Northern and Southern Sections, as we know them, are doomed through lack of support.

Frankly I hope this never happens. There is room for Third Division football in this country, and it is unthinkable that we should carry on with big towns running one-league clubs on a regional basis. But there is no doubt that big changes are afoot in the Third Division.

More and more teams are realising that they cannot run a team on a First Division wage bill. That's why many clubs are being forced to use part-timers.

This is a good idea, but a bold approach to the whole problem should be made. Here is my advice to the Third Divisions:—

(1) They should encourage more and more of their players to become part-timers. After all, if a chap has not reached the top class before he is 25, he is not likely to be a big money player.

(2) Wealthy First Division clubs could help to subsidise the poorer classes. They could allocate an agreed percentage from every transfer which would be put into a central pool to be distributed among Third Division clubs.

(3) Star games could be played under floodlights in aid of Third Division funds.

NOT SOCCER SLAVES

On the question of part-timers, some clubs are already taking a lead—among them Northampton Town, Crewe Alexandra and Bradford City. Northampton Town, who lead the Southern Section, have cut their wages bill by £150 a week. Their players have been encouraged to take part-time jobs. New Northampton's manager, Mr Dave Smith, says: "Football is a recreation for the boys. They have built up a wonderful team spirit."

At Crewe it is the same story. Their wage bill is now less than £200 a week and that includes officials as well as players. But don't think these lads are Soccer Slaves. They can in fact earn more money than if they were full-time players.

I know most club managers and coaches like to have their players training at the ground. But can Third Division clubs really afford the luxury of a full-time playing staff. In many cases the answer is definitely No.

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WEEK-END BOWLS

England 'A' v. Malaya 'A'
Should Be The Best
Of Today's Matches

By "TOUCHER"

With the defeat of both teams of the champion nation, Portugal, Malaya "A" head the contestants into the quarter-final round of the Gutierrez Shield International lawn bowls competition this afternoon.

All the four games, scheduled to start at the KBGC green at 3.30 p.m., promise to be closely contested with probably England "A" versus Malaya "A" as the best match of the afternoon.

Both nations have figured prominently in this tournament. In the past, England has won it five times before and Malaya twice.

Today's game should see at least an interesting tussle between the two skippers—M. B. Hassan with youth on his side and B. W. Bradbury with experience as his main asset.

In the matter of front men, Malaya "A" with Ismail Ali, A. H. Secmin and S. Yumst seem to hold a slight advantage over England's V. C. Bond, J. McKillick and J. Tindall.

Another top match of the afternoon will be that between China "B" and Hongkong "B". Runner-up on no fewer than two occasions in the last three years, the China four consisting of Francis Lee, J. Tang, C. C. Ma and Bill Hong Sling are making a strong bid this year to win the title for China for the first time.

Already, they have scored two impressive wins—28-9 over the Philippines followed by a 30-14 triumph over Pakistan. Hongkong "B", however, have to their credit the best win of the series so far in eliminating Portugal "B" last week by 23-20.

Jack Chubb and Tommy Baker have excellent understanding of each other's play and, given good support by F. G. da Luz and C. I. Stapleton, will be a hard team to crack.

With the front men of both sides fairly even, Hong Sling seems to hold a slight edge with his superior drawing ability and should be able to lead his four to narrow win unless Tommy Baker strikes top form with his aggressive shots.

England "B" and Malaya "B" will be very evenly matched. Both teams scored

good wins last week with especially England "B" showing the form which if maintained will probably see them into the semi-final.

Wales' dark-horses, W. R. Rees, G. R. Pickett, L. Bruce and R. S. Rosen, will hold the spotlight in the remaining quarter-final match as they take on India's A. K. Minu, Ramchand, J. Hossen and A. R. Minu.

Having eliminated two formidable teams in China "A" and Hongkong "A", they have a good chance of completing the hat-trick this afternoon.

Even should they falter, the Welsh four have done much more than they had themselves expected and have succeeded in at least one thing—they have shown that the Welsh are a gallant lot.

Tomorrow the curtain comes down on the men's Colony Open Championships with the play-off of the Pairs and Fours finals at the Kowloon Bowling Green Club.

Prospects for both games have been given and there has been very little change in form during the past week to warrant any change of view.

LADIES' SEMI-FINALS

The Ladies' Open Championships saw two interesting semi-finals on Thursday. Both games produced a creditably high standard of bowls.

In one match, played at the Hongkong Football Club, a brilliant second-half rally by Jean Rounsefell enabled her to edge out Craigieover's Helen Kwong by 21-15.

Former Colony Ladies' Badminton Champion Helen Kwong, who only took up bowls as recently as this year, looked at one stage as if she was going to run away with the game. She took a 9-1 lead at the end of the 9th head but fell off badly after that.

Gradually getting her length and green, Jean Rounsefell played top bowls from then on. For ten successive heads she kept her opponent on the nine mark as she brought her score up to 18.

Helen made a plucky rally on the 20th, 21st and 22nd head with a single, a three and a two to narrow the gap to 15-18. A bad throw of the jack by Helen Kwong on the 24th to a short-long head saw Jean Rounsefell draw two touchers on the jack.

On the last head, with her opponent lying three shots, Helen made an excellent attempt when she succeeded in resting the first shot with her last wood, but was powerless to stop it from rolling out of the count for the first shot.

Jean Rounsefell was the more experienced and consistent bowler, but Helen Kwong showed that with a little more match experience she should be well to the fore in the next few years.

In the other match Joyce Liddell failed in a brilliant try to achieve what would have been an enviable record—that of husband and wife winning the Colony men's and ladies' title in one season.

Not being able to watch this game, I could only imagine that Mrs Scott must have played extremely well to have won by 21-15. I saw Joyce Liddell play a couple of games before the semi-final and thought that she had a more than 50-50 chance of making it, considering the excellent delivery and proficiency in both drawing and resting shots. The final should be an excellent game to watch—even for our men champions.

TODAY'S GAMES

Gutierrez Shield Quarter-finals
Malaya "A" v. England "A"
Wales v. India
China "B" v. Hongkong "B"
England "B" v. Malaya "B"

TOMORROW

Open Championship Finals
(At KBGC starting at 4 p.m.)
Pairs: J. A. da Luz and R. F. da Luz (Recrelo) v. A. H. Secmin and C. C. Ma (CCC).
Rinks: A. V. Lopes, R. G. Laurel, E. R. Rosset and G. Rosset (CCC) v. L. Silva, G. Santos, H. Toy and P. K. Lau (CCC).

SPORTS
QUIZ

1. What sports do you associate with the following (a) Steve Bloomer (b) Jack Lovelock (c) Walter Hagen?
2. Who was the first Australian to win the United States Single Lawn Tennis Title? (a) Frank Sedgman (b) John Bromwich (c) Ken Rosewall?
3. Who was the last British boxer to win a world title?
4. In which sports are the following terms used: (a) Break (b) Break (c) Striking Circle?
5. Who are or were (a) The Cinderella Man (b) 'Lo! (c) The Giant Cowboy?
6. Who won the World Speedway Championship? (a) Wembley last season (b) Jack Young (c) Ronnie Moore (d) Peter Craven?
7. Which of these athletes have won Olympic titles: (a) Chris Chatterway (b) Emil Zatopek (c) Joey Easter (d) Vladimir Futev?
8. Which is the maximum number of clubs a golfer is allowed?
9. In Association Football how much of the ball must be over the line for a goal to be scored?
10. What sports are staged at (a) Bilety (b) Chantilly (c) Cowes? (Answers See Page 17)

POP



Silly short legs!



Says I. M. MacTAVISH

take. The kicker sent the ball into the back of the net . . . and before you could have said 'Ko Po-keung has left South China' the defenders were hot foot after the referee in protest . . . protest based on the fact that a different player had taken the kick on each occasion. They were all firmly convinced that

great last-minute victory a year ago there will be plenty of incentive for both sides to turn in something special.

allike to him, and "I think his summing up of present day batting to me at London Airport cannot be bettered. "They do not use their feet these days they have been coached out of individuality," he said. "What more correct commentary could there be of the modern batsman as he comes off the mass-produced assembly line.

Cricket
1st Division: Army "N" v Army "S"; Scorpions v RAF; IRC Optimists; KCC v Navy; Recrels CCC.
2nd Division: Army "S" v Army "N"; RAF v Navy; University "B" v IRC; KGV v KCC "A"; Dockyard v Recrels.
Bowls
"Gutierrez Shield": Quarter-Finals Malaysia "A" v England "A"; Wales v India; China "B" v Hongkong "B"; England "B" v Malaysia "B".

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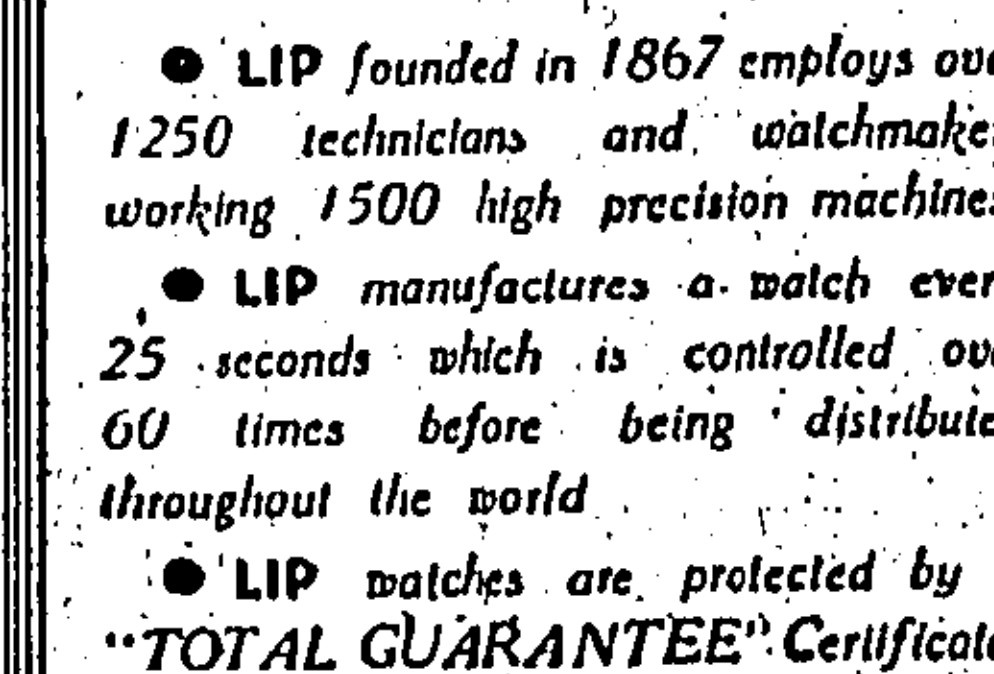
1st Division: Army "RAF" v Army "SC": Scorpions v "RAF": IRC v Optimists; KCC v Navy; Recrelo v 2nd Division: Army "SC" v Army "RAF": RAC v Navy: "University" "B" v RHC; KGV v KCC "A"; Dockyard v

Bowls

"Gutierrez Shield": Quarter-Annals: Malaysia v England "A"; Wales v India; China "B" v Hongkong "B"; England "B" v Malaysia "B".

Capt. D. Galula, 2.12. Old Course
9.50. J. C. Van der Tuyn/Rt. Pan
W.A.H. Balfour, 2.18. Old Course
9.58. S. T. Chau/C. E. Ross/J.
Cowarthwalte, 2.24. Old Course
10. Norman Yu/W. N. Gray, 2.30
Old Course; 10.05. Major E. J.
Land/F. C. Braddel/Fisher, Y.
2.38. Old Course; 10.10. K. L.
Drzma/Rt. Firkins/Lt. Col. N. E.
Birrell, 2.42. Old Course; 10.24. M
Van der Tuyn—Mrs R. D. Neale
10.28. Mrs W. N. Gray—Miss C
Swallow; 10.32. A. A. Lopes—A. F
de Pinna.

Malaya "A" v England "A"; W v India; China "B" v Hongk
"B"; England "B" v Malaya
All matches at KRCG at 12.30 p.m.



100



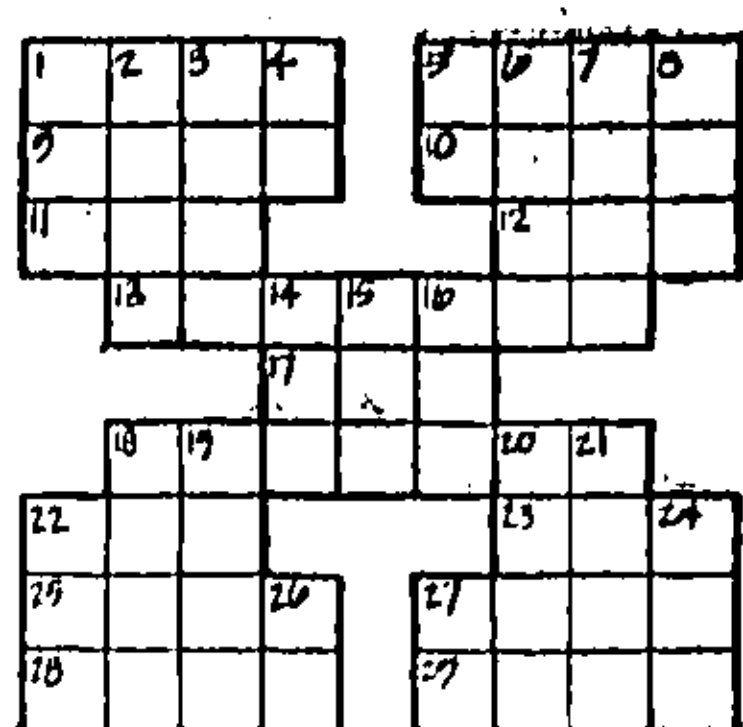
★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Solitude
- 5 Challenge
- 9 Soviet city
- 10 Verbal
- 11 Number
- 12 Collection of sayings
- 13 Literary critic
- 17 Nightfall (poet.)
- 18 Is displeased
- 22 Fondle
- 23 Individual
- 25 City in Nevada
- 27 God of love
- 28 Harcm rooms
- 29 Salamander

DOWN

- 1 Folding bed
- 2 Greek god of war
- 3 Lease
- 4 Measure of cloth
- 5 Accomplish
- 6 Brazilian macaws
- 7 Rave
- 8 Note in Guido's scale
- 14 Affirmative reply
- 15 American general
- 16 Hostelry
- 18 Bamboo-like grass
- 19 Volcano in Sicily
- 20 Hipped
- 21 Winter precipitation
- 22 Golf teacher
- 24 East (Fr.)
- 26 Bone
- 27 Half-cm

WORD CHAIN

Can you convert LEAD into GOLD in only three moves? Change only one letter at a time and have a good word on each change!

TRIANGLE

Today's triangle hangs from CRIMSON. The second word is "speculator", third "statue", fourth "to repair", fifth is an abbreviation for "elders", and sixth "a bone." Finish the triangle:

CRIMSON
R
I
M
S
O
N

JUMBLEYAH

Add a letter to "a pronoun" and have "strike"; jumble with another letter and have "a restless hankering"; jumble this with another letter and have "a character in fairy tale"; add a letter and have "a lash."

WORD SQUARE

The Puzzlemaster says that when you rearrange the letters in each row correctly and then rearrange the rows right, you'll find your answer reads the same across as it does down:

A	E	I	R	S
A	I	N	P	T
E	E	R	S	T
A	E	R	R	S
A	E	C	P	R

(Solutions on Page 20)

PERUVIANS WERE MASTER WEAVERS

THE natives of Peru were expert weavers, not only during the period of Inca domination (from 1100 to 1532), but long before. Mummies dating back to the beginning of the Christian era have been found wrapped in the most brilliant of textiles and showing a long association with the weaving art.

Scientists generally agree that the high standard of these textiles, very many of which survive, has never been surpassed anywhere in the world at any time.

Of course the Peruvians wore many of their clothes in life but some of those of the highest quality were reserved for burial garments. In 1949 in a valley near Pisco on the coast of southern Peru, a grave was discovered which contained one of the very largest pieces of cloth ever woven without a machine. It is 12 feet wide and 87 feet long. (Owing to the primitive narrow loom used, Peruvian woven pieces are rarely over 30 inches wide.)

The dry climate of many parts of Peru is, of course, a chief factor in preserving the textiles intact. But the natives were also master dyers. They used all vegetable dyes and the brilliant, colours of their tapestries and garments have

not faded appreciably in over 20 centuries.

The material used was cotton (both brown and white varieties) were grown in the coastal regions) and llama wool. Four varieties of llama were raised, the wool of the vicuña providing the finest yarn.

Very primitive indeed were the tools of their craft. The spindle was simply a slender shaft of wood weighted near the middle with a whorl of clay, stone or metal. The resulting cotton and woollen threads and yarns compare favourably with those spun by modern methods.

The loom was slightly more complicated. It consisted of two bars. The upper bar was attached to a tree or post or a similar object and the lower end was fastened to a belt encircling the weaver's back. Warp threads were stretched between the two bars and the weft threads were inserted (over and under) across the warps.

On this device, material of the plainest weaves could be produced without a great deal of practice. More complex designs required considerable skill in manipulation, however. It is to the Peruvians great credit that they perfected their art to such a degree that they mastered, in a variety of designs, practically every weaving technique known to us today, including gingham, embroideries and lace work.



CLOTHES OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY WERE RESERVED FOR BURIAL GARMENTS. THE BRILLIANT COLOURS HAVE FADED LITTLE DURING TWENTY CENTURIES.

TAPESTRIES

Mountain-going Lofty Treasure

By BESS RITTER

ONE DAY, not so very long ago, an out-of-town motor car screeched up to the sheriff's office in the little town of Fairplay, Colo. An excited woman tumbled out, and stuttered what she thought was an incredible statement to the bored deputy in charge: "There's a great big ship—a real ocean liner—right in the middle of the mountain, straight ahead."

"It's got all its lights on. I saw it with my own eyes while I was on the highway. You won't believe me. But I swear that it's the truth."

DIGS GOLD ORE

The official only yawned, then said patiently, "Relax, lady. That liner is a real one. It's called the Golden Galleon, and it's owned by a man out here named Web Skinner. The whole town of Fairplay is mighty proud of it."

The sight of a 2,500-ton vessel moving slowly across a range of peaks in a glacial basin 70 feet deep and a half acre in area, at an elevation of 11,000 feet is mighty unbelievable.

But even more unbelievable is its purpose for being there: the digging of gold ore, right out of the water.

The "voyage" the vessel takes is a never-ending one. For it works its way through its "sea" around the clock, year in and year out.

As it moves, it scoops up gold-bearing glacial deposit.

This is panned on board by a special dredge which extracts the ore by screening it and running it through sluice boxes following the old, time-honoured method used by the '49er prospector on his lonely mountain stream.

FANTASTIC ORIGIN

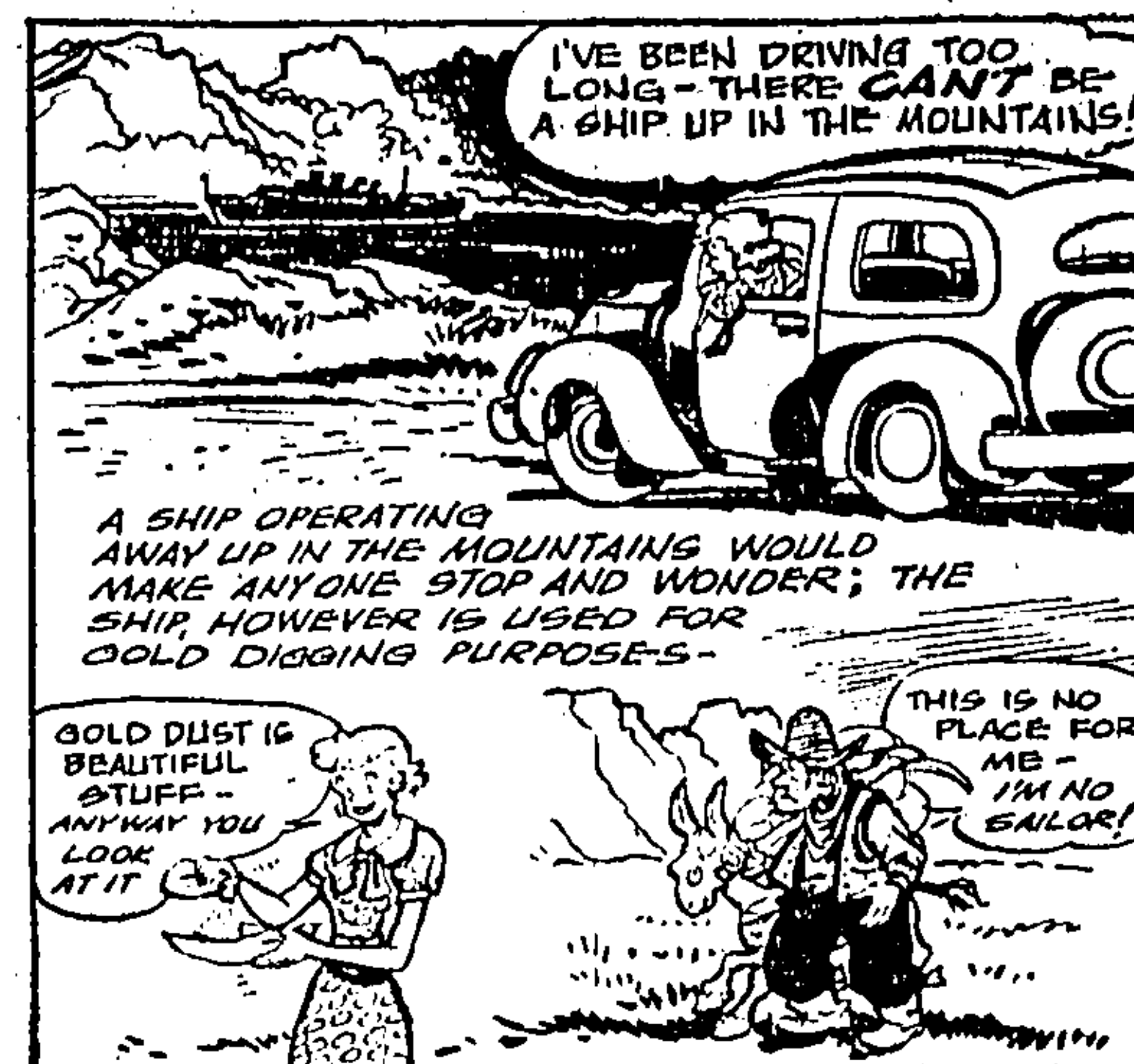
Next, the waste dirt and gravel go over the side, forming an ever-advancing shore line. In an average week, as much as three-fifths of an acre is "eaten" in this way by the 101 giant dredge buckets that are situated on deck.

Where does the ore come from? According to geologists, the answer to that one is as fantastic as everything else about the Galleon.

A prehistoric Ice Age glacier moved down from the north, cutting away the mountains as it went, and grinding up a mother lode (or main streak) of gold while it was at it. This was well mixed, then, with particles of gravel.

Eventually the glacier melted. The free gold that it left is what the Golden Galleon is engaged in panning.

How much power is required to operate the dredges? More than a half million kilowatt hours, every month, for the 800-horsepower generator which is



used in turning the huge drums which wind the wire rope.

This, in its turn, raises and lowers the never-ending belt of patient dredge buckets. Auxiliary winches are also used, to pull the boat along in measured five-foot steps.

CREW OF PROSPECTORS

What's the crew like? The 25 members aren't sea-going sailors. Instead, they're ultra-modern gold prospectors.

But each can simulate the most experienced old salt, when it comes to experience. For all are familiar with gales, high waves, and even seasickness.

This is contracted in sub-zero wintertime weather when a heavy sea results from the freezing of the top layer of earth. When this happens, the dredge must undercut the frozen bank, which makes it break off, fall into the water, and create

mountain-high waves that break over the bow.

RUGGED SAILING

All kinds of damage result, such as smashed windows on the navigating bridge that's a full 20 feet above the deck. The ship is also thrown backward and rocks violently, which causes good old-fashioned seasickness two miles above sea level.

Other troubles are caused by tremendous chunks of ice that form on the deck like miniature icebergs. The only way to remove them is with dynamite.

In the away-back-when days, gold was difficult to find. But once you did, you owned your fortune.

Today, contrariwise, the price is pegged at a fat \$35 per ounce. Consequently, despite all her modern efficiency, there are many weeks a year when the gallant Golden Galleon doesn't recover enough of this so-called precious metal to pay her expenses.

Why He Was Called "Honest Abe"

A COMMON nickname for Abraham Lincoln was "Honest Abe." He gained that name in the little town of New Salem, Ill., a town which had only about a hundred people when Lincoln lived there. He was a clerk in a store there.

He went to his creditors, and told them that he would save all the money he could beyond the bare expenses of living, and would pay everything.

It took him almost 18 years to do it, and during that time he paid about \$300 in interest. There was so much to pay that he jokingly called it "The National Debt." But he paid it all.

He could have declared bankruptcy, but he refused to do so. It was an honest debt, he said, and an honest man would pay it.

In the store was a small post office. Postal officials did not come around very often to examine accounts and collect money, but one finally came.

As Lincoln was still in town, he presented a bill for \$17. Abe took him to a small trunk and opened it. He took out a cloth bag, opened it, and counted out the exact change.

"I've had it here waiting," he told the official. "I never use anybody's money but my own. It is any wonder that the people called him 'Honest Abe'?"

Flag Stamps Commemorate Historic Date

THE yellow cross on an azure field floats gaily wherever the flags of the nations are raised. Sweden is to the fore in sports, social welfare, science and the art of living at peace with her neighbours and powerful countries further afield.

Today the Swedish flag goes on Sweden's stamps to commemorate an important date to these peace-loving people. The date is June 6, 1909.

When the country's Constitution was drawn up and the basis of her present-day prosperity was laid.

In these days of fast-moving atom-powered politics it is interesting to look back and recall that the founder of the present Swedish dynasty was one of Napoleon's brilliant leaders, Marshal Jean Bernadotte, prince of Ponte Corvo.

Reason is that the Swedish heir to the throne died childless and parliament decided to look to the dynamic men around Napoleon for a new monarch. The flag stamp which inspired this dip into history is perforated 12½ and a set of two costs 7d. in London.—J.A.A.

FEARLESS GENERAL TIN

—It's Bravery Even If The Lion Is Really A Cat—

By MAX TRELL

NOW everyone knew that General Tin, the Tin Soldier, was one of the bravest hunters that ever lived. So when Knarf, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, and Teddy the Stuffed Bear went up to General Tin to ask him if he had ever been frightened by a lion they weren't surprised at all to hear him say: "Frightened by a lion? My dear chaps, I'm not frightened by anything at all."

"I bet I know something you're frightened of," said Teddy.

"Name it, sir," said General Tin.

"Thunder and lightning," said Teddy.

"Not at all," said General Tin. "I'm no more afraid of thunder and lightning than I am of dragons, Indians or Head Hunters."

Knarf said: "There aren't any dragons. General Tin, there aren't any Head Hunters, either. And the Indians aren't wild any more."

"That's got nothing to do with it," said General Tin. "I'm just not afraid of them. And about those lions: I never was afraid of them. I remember as though it happened yesterday, how I met my first lion."

As Knarf and Teddy were very eager to hear about how General Tin met his first lion, they begged him to tell them the whole story.

"Twitching Nose" Then General Tin began as follows:

"It was many, many years ago. I was walking down the garden path with Florabelle when Knarf interrupted: 'Who was Florabelle?'

"Florabelle," said General Tin, "was a lady-mouse of my acquaintance! She had a twitching nose and lovely whiskers. Knarf,



Knarf and Teddy listened to the General's story.

But that's neither here nor there. Let me continue with my story. Well, we were walking down the garden path, Florabelle and I, when all at once Florabelle began tugging at my arm.

"General Tin," she squeaked, 'don't look now, but there's a lion behind that tree!'

"He's still here," said General Tin.

"Did you look, General Tin?" Teddy asked.

"Certainly," said General Tin. "It was lurking behind a pine tree. I saw it plainly. It was a lion."

Teddy gasped. "Weren't you cowering up silver?" Knarf broke in. "Of course he wasn't cowering up silver! He's here now, isn't he?"

General Tin nodded and continued. "I told Florabelle to wait where she was for a moment. I said: 'I'll teach that lion to hide behind trees and scare people! So I walked up to that lion and looked him in the eye.'"

"What did the lion do?" asked Knarf.

Rupert and Dinkie—34



At length the container prepared to start work. "You two go further off," he says, waving them away. "No can't link it together, you're so close." So Rupert and Pauline edge away obediently. Suddenly the little bear gives a lurch and staggers a pace or two. "What's the matter now?" Pauline calls. "Did you trip over something?" "No, I didn't," says Rupert in some excitement. "It was just like what happened before. Something jumped on to my shoulder from this tree. It's Dinkie again!" ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



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